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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1713 NOV. 19, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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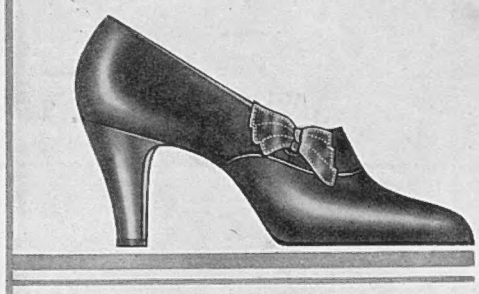

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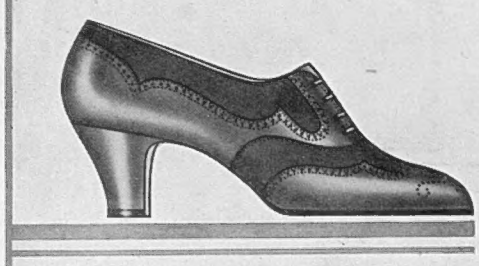

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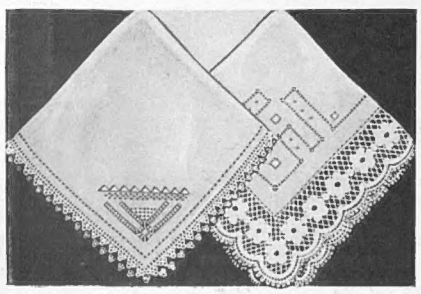

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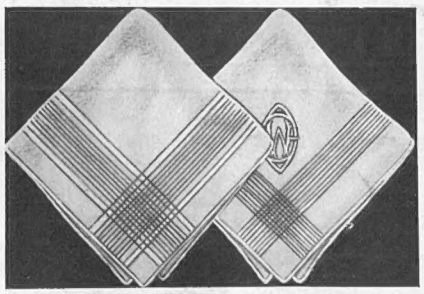

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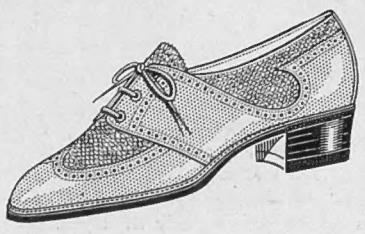

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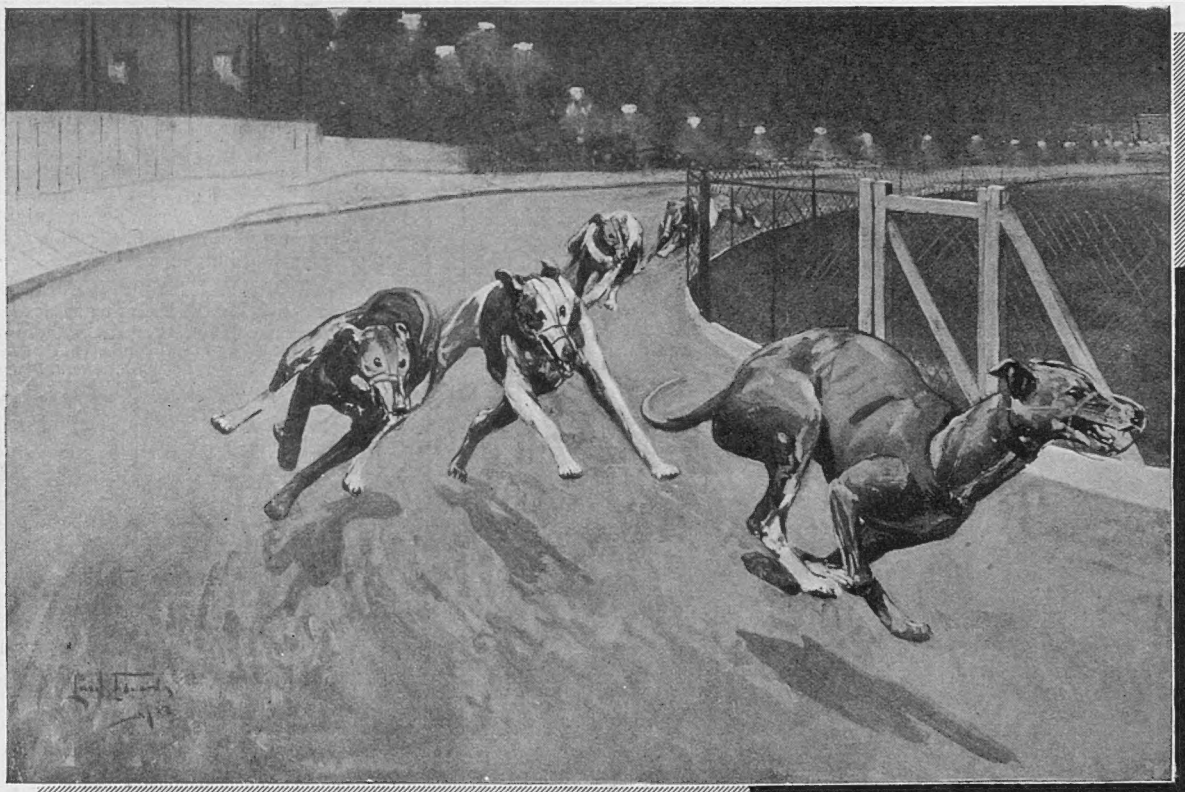

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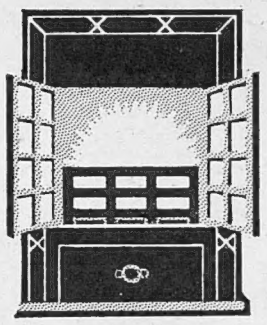
Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.



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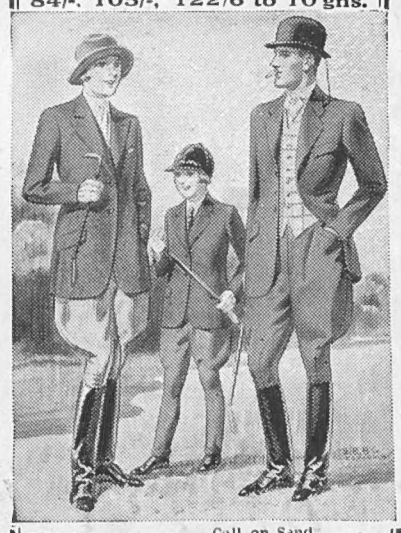

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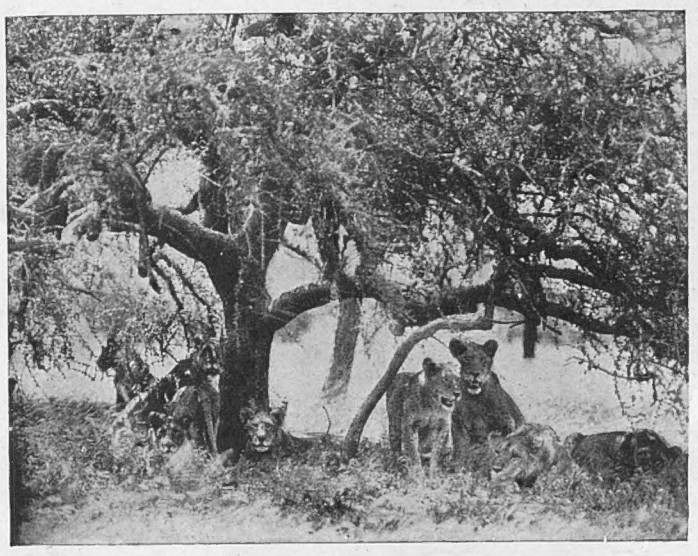

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The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

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Pink Silk or Net detachable straps from **47/6**
Loose breasts or maternity, **32/6**
White material.
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The Kestos Brassière, with its unique crossway pull and uplift, gives a graciousness and youthfulness to the feminine figure, which is particularly appealing under the lovely sheath-like gowns that deliberately accentuate the moulded line. Kestos also make girdles—subtly designed little garments which emphasise the slenderness of the waist and effectively conceal all evidence of too exuberant curves. This well-planned, practical ensemble forms an ideal foundation for present-day modes, and will impart an indefinable air of elegance and distinction to the wearer.

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JAEGER'S MAN-TAILORED DRESSING-GOWNS

● This would enliven the greyest dawn or blankest eve with its candidly collegiate lines, its tailored lapels and blazerish binding. **3 Gns.**

● And this borrows its swagger from the days of the Regency Bucks in a prodigal sweep of lapels and a dashing double-breasted cut. **3 Gns.**

● Here's one that plunders the glamour of the most recent coats in the matter of side-ways buttoning and blatantly Empire waistline. **2½ Gns.**

● And here's another with utterly sleek and rhythmic lines and vastly becoming, thoughtfully detachable, snow-white collar and cuffs. **3 Gns.**

Banish the wilting boudoir wrap; spurn the redundant negligee and wed yourself permanently to the Spartan chic of Jaeger's dynamically tailored lazing gowns. Warm enough to comfort you on your way to the bleakest baronial bathroom, trim enough to grace a morning's idleness, gay enough to galvanise the most torpid heart.

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 19, 1932

THE TRAGEDY OF HOPE DEFERRED

Mothers, Wives, and Children at the Edge Green Colliery Disaster Last Week-end

Last Saturday three-quarters of a mile below ground in No. 9 pit of the Edge Green Colliery—the property of the Garswood Hall Colliery Company, Ashton-in-Makerfield—a major explosion occurred when no fewer than 104 men were at work. The official figures report that twenty-four were killed, three were seriously injured, and three slightly hurt; the rest escaped unscathed. Heroism in the highest degree marked the conduct of the miners, to whom their manager, Major Latham, set a magnificent example. The managing director of the firm, Mr. J. H. Edmonson, got up from a sick bed, donned a gas-mask, and engaged on rescue work in the pit. Telegrams of sympathy were sent by the King and the Prime Minister

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

A London New

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: Sir Percy Greenaway, a member of the Stationers' Company, in the mayoral robes, bows his greetings to the cheering citizens of London from the window of the ornate old coach which forms the climax of the Lord Mayor's Show

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 16, 1932.

LORDS' REFORM.—Reform of the House of Lords is a question of urgent importance in the view of all who appreciate the dangers which any time in the coming decade may threaten the whole fabric of our ancient Constitution, through an ill-considered whim or a defiant gesture by a hot-head and temporary majority in the Commons. If during the life of the National Government the Second Chamber is not reformed on agreed, sane, and constitutional lines, then infallibly it will be swept headlong away with every one of its present attributes, several of which are susceptible of being harmonized with modern conditions and which in essence are vital to modern Second Chamber efficiency. Last week not one but two documents dealing with this subject of Reform were, I believe, made available to the public. There is Lord Salisbury's Committee's Report and a pamphlet which the Parliamentary Secretary to the Transport Ministry has played a considerable part in preparing. The latter I have not yet seen. Lord Salisbury's Joint Committee considers the subject from two aspects, powers and personnel. In my view the question of powers is at the moment entirely subservient to the question of personnel. There will be no agreement possible as to powers until all parties are satisfied of a reasonably just representation. The Joint Committee appears to recognize this fact in proposing a drastic reduction in the hereditary element. The Peers themselves shall elect 150 members (to form the hereditary moiety) from their body. Peers not chosen shall be eligible to sit in the Lower House. The same number shall be elected from outside, preferably by House of Commons members of the Privy Council. The Princes, Archbishops and three Bishops, and the Law Lords will thus make up the numbers of the Second Chamber to 320 maximum. If the Privy Council nomination proposal is inacceptable, then an alternative for choosing the "outside" group is offered: namely, election by county and borough councils on a population basis. The virtue of the proposal lies in its simplicity. Details are bound to be contentious. The naked truth remains. Something must be done inside three years, and Lord Salisbury's proposals seem well devised as a basis for immediate consideration. It may be added that the Premier and many members of the Government are (if words mean anything) pledged in honour to reform.

SINCE THE DAYS OF HEROD.—Some people regard Lord Buckmaster as a sentimentalist. Yet the most critical must admit that he seldom speaks at random and can provide proofs to support such charges as he makes publicly. There is no dispute that the slaughter of children in the streets and roads of England amounts to 100 a week, and there is no dispute that if there were no motor transport this weekly death roll of innocents would not amount to five. A man is not a sentimentalist if he holds the view that on these facts something drastic and immediate should be done to check the evil, even though that something should operate unjustly on a particular section of the public or on a particular interest, or should transgress the high old principle of non-interference with the liberty of the subject and with private enterprise. In the past months there have been glaring instances of inadequate punishment for criminal recklessness on the roads. Fines continue to be imposed in cases where the maximum term of imprisonment would be inadequate as punishment and example. None who drives on the road doubts that reckless driving and disregard of the existing laws and bylaws are still rife, and that the means of detecting offenders are hopelessly inadequate or grossly neglected. The only excuse for the Government's spokesman's admission to the very strong attack in the Lords, that "there were directions in which improvements, mainly of an administrative character, were possible and desirable," is that the failure of the magistrature to enforce the law and of the police to detect offenders did not fall within his immediate sphere.

. . . .

As in the case of every debate in either House nowadays on subjects of appalling gravity, the perhaps necessary determination of the Government to be non-committal produces on the public a feeling that Ministers are callous, inhuman, blind, or totally apathetic. No doubt it is not justified, but wet eyes and a bleeding heart are of no more avail in this problem or in the unemployment problem than a sick headache. One hundred a week, and Herod's shade is green with envy! There is the Salter Report. The best brains in the country exhaustively tackled this very problem in many relevant aspects, and produced long since unanimous recommendations. And the Report is shelved *pro tem*. It is waste paper until other commissions have deliberated. But the slaughter goes on. Civilization cries out that it cannot be allowed to go on. Yet the idea of rushing into force temporary measures to check it is not even considered. Why should not the speed limit be reimposed for a few months? Why should not the A.A. and R.A.C. scouts be enrolled for a period as special constables with full disciplinary powers? Why should not a measure be rushed through Parliament abolishing fines and imposing imprisonment as the minimum penalty in cases of proved criminality? If we call ourselves a civilized nation, we cannot be justified in the argument that, while this rate of death is very distressing, in a year or so several more commissions will have issued reports, and that 5,000 dead babies more or less will hardly be noticed.

THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.—Each year, when the days are dark and the winter still to come, the leaders of the Government and the Services and the Church enjoy the hospitality of the City's chief magistrate and make more or less official reviews of the year's achievements and pronounce on the business for the coming year. In a sense the affair is one of informal hospitality. The speeches are non-contentious and non-party. There is no criticism to meet, no barracking to deflect the train of thought. The note is one of mingled optimism, dignity, and good fellowship. That is why the Guildhall speeches make cheerful reading. The nation has a chance once more to appreciate the solid dignity and the magnificent traditions of the Estates of the Realm and the great institutions of this country. None the less, the speakers must be as careful of their phrases as if they spoke in the House—indeed more so, since they are offered no opportunity to correct what will figure in the whole world's Press on the morrow. For that reason, maybe, there is not much hard wheat to be threshed from the graceful sheaves of eloquence at the Lord Mayor's banquet; and empty eloquence, polished banality, and polite aspiration being the chief ingredients in an unfailing soporific, it is small wonder if Mr. Baldwin fell asleep and dreamed he was in his native Worcester. No matter. Your trained public speaker is one whose conscious and subconscious minds are a perfectly harmonized pair. Whether he speaks from the heart or the head or from both combined, for the purposes of political oratory the result is the same.

THE PARALLEL OF 1880.—There is a school of thought which declares that we can read our future by studying the history of our past, and there is a school which declares that our post-war crises are on a scale too gigantic to afford comparison with those of the past. And, of course, it is quite true that fifty years ago we were crying National extinction because Beaconsfield's expenditure on armaments had risen by £7,000,000 to £32,000,000 a year, while income-tax receipts had fallen by a quarter million! All the same, I believe in the history school, and suggest that the year 1880 affords a curious parallel to the present year of depression—a parallel interesting and cheering if we consider that within the next decade we had enjoyed a return to prosperity and indeed another depression. The years 1878 and 1879 brought agricultural depression in England to the urgent notice of the Government. As Mr. Gretton says in his *Modern History*, the plight of the farmer as a social grievance really dates from 1880. How far depression in the world's oldest industry is a prime cause of general trade depression is a point much debated still by economists, but the year 1880 is undoubtedly one to be studied in seeking for present remedies. In 1880, then:

The discontent of agriculturalists was brought to a head. Trade, which had been struggling with falling prices, had reached a point approaching stagnation. "Hyde Park saw those gatherings of unemployed which were to force upon public attention a problem to which no year brought the solution." The price of sheet iron had fallen by 50 per cent. The Midlands were engaged in wages disputes, Lancashire was attempting to devise short time agreements. In politics the parties were "wrangling over embroilments abroad that demanded attention which . . . should have been occupied at home." There was danger in India, urgent danger of war in Europe, and a budget deficit.

It is a curious parallel to the present year. There was no light at the end of the tunnel in 1880, yet thrice at least in my life-time we have been running smoothly between sunlit fields since then.

THE QUEEN OF PERSONAL JOURNALISM.—The first instalments of Lady Oxford's reserved memories prove once more—if any proof were needed—that she is the star to which every gossip writer in this country hitches his or her creaking wagon. I use the word "reserved" in the sense of "deferred." Lady Oxford's memory is an Aladdin's cave of wealth, and there could be no better insurance against bad times than to leave some of the jewelled fruit on the trees. When first she emerged from the cave, she had filled her pockets with scintillating diamonds and blushing rubies, and few doubted that the cavern still blushed unseen with gems as rare. But in no other sense are her memories reserved. The gossip writers wisely hitch their wagons to a renowned star, for what Lady Oxford writes has many of the ingredients in the recipe for literature. She writes of a world she knows; she goes directly to the point in the fewest words and those always chosen shrewdly and happily, and she can inspire with living interest and vivid colour the briefest contacts with her fellows. Indeed, there is only one ground [apart from the fact that she has been a highly paid personal journalist] for thus remotely linking Lady Oxford and the brotherhood of gossip writers, and that is a common element in their needs. Both Lady Oxford and the weekly gossip writer must find fireworks and fireworks all the time in this form of writing. But while Lady Oxford rarely wastes a match on a damp squib, your gossip writer too often fizzles drearily in the rank grass or is hoist, a patent bore and egotist, on his own petard. Both she and the gossip brotherhood are in their need reckless of laying bare the most personal intimacies. But Lady Oxford soars above a system wherein such charges may be preferred. None

sletter

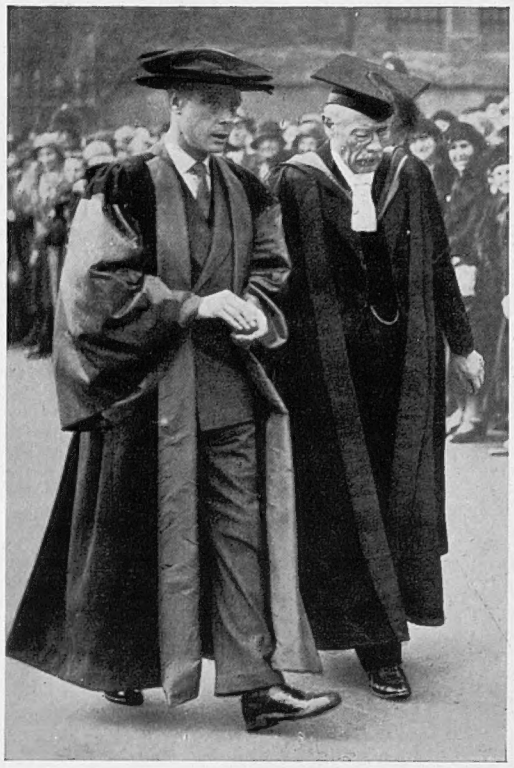
would speak of "William Shakespeare, the poet and dramatist," nor of "Beethoven, the composer."

JUST MARGOT.—And Lady Oxford is as safe from the charge of ruthlessness or egotism as from the charge of being a bore. She is just—Margot; from and for whom everything is to be expected, and to whom apparently everything is forgiven. None would nowadays question whether her youth was as dazzling as she has painted it, nor her charm as potent, nor her wit as brilliant. If there is a Prince handy, the Prince will go down on his knees to her in the first hundred words. If for one moment she is alone on the stage, a stranger blows in and in half another paragraph he is tinder for her sparks. She is as fearless of criticism as scornful of praise and flattery; and shrewd and courageous enough to enhance her brilliance by the frank admission of occasional gaucheries, of social ambition, of early failure, even loneliness. Indeed she is so truthful as almost, in a commercial and disillusioned age, to throw doubt on truth itself. One wonders whether she has not, like Scott in *Kenilworth*, portmanteau-ed the events of a decade into a single week. One expects her to live twenty-four hours a day, and finds that in fact she lived forty-eight hours a day. In a word, she gives full value for money. These are instalments on the imperial scale. This is a pound-a-word journalism or literature. None can complain that these extracts are a bad advertisement for her book, or, knowing her, dare bet that all the plums have been extracted from the dough. From the Royal Palace to the servants' hall, every type and class of reader, gorged and gloating, counts the days to next Sunday.

THE NORTH PAPERS.—The North Papers, which by the generosity of the Pilgrim Trust are now the property of Oxford University, are even more complete a record of social and political history than the Verney Papers or the Paston Letters. For they are wonderfully full and continuous records from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Those best known to the public are perhaps the writings of the versatile Roger of the Restoration; he was brother and often "devil" to his brother, Guildford, when Attorney-General, and he gives a wonderful picture of life in the Temple just after the Great Fire. From him we learn of the moots and revels; of the shifts and thefts of material by the shivering barristers who still lacked a roof over their chambers; of the huge fees which could even then be earned by diligent barristers—he himself made £4,000 in a year—who collected their fees in skull caps, one for gold, another for crowns, and a third for copper, and carried them each evening to the strong-rooms of Messrs. Blanchard and Child, goldsmiths of Temple Bar (Child's Bank); and of the beastly discomfort of the juniors who were forced to conduct their cases standing on the floor of Westminster Hall in a crowd of drunken witnesses, and drunk and often stinking learned leaders, some of whom constantly interrupted their cross-examinations for a sup of brandy or a pull at the ale flask. But they worked in those days. There was no easy way to fortune at the Bar, and those Norths were diligent and virtuous beyond belief.

A GOOD START.—Our Test men have made so much more convincing a start in Australia than we expected that the odds on Australia have shortened to a mere shade. South Australia and Victoria are no mean sides—they may be called half the battle—and with both we wiped the floor. Our leading batsmen have had some magnificent practice, and our new bowlers have done two good things: they have gained much-needed experience of Test batsmen's methods and Australian wickets, and they have gained—two or three of them—that important, if short-lived, reputation for wizardry which may mean an early wicket or two in the first Tests. Provided always they can keep some of their mysteries undisclosed. Indeed, so far everything goes swimmingly; except that barracking. Granted it is absurdly exaggerated in reports both down under and over here. But it exists, and it is monstrous that an Australian crowd suffers it to continue. For Australians are a just race, a logical race, and a race that knows how to deal out rough justice. Australia, too, treats cricket like a religion and loves the rigour of the game. Remember Armstrong over here. . . . But when Jardine defers a declaration half-an-hour beyond what the Australian fan deems fit, Jardine is barracked, and the punishment continues through subsequent matches in other States. Public opinion should deal with these gangs of toughs.

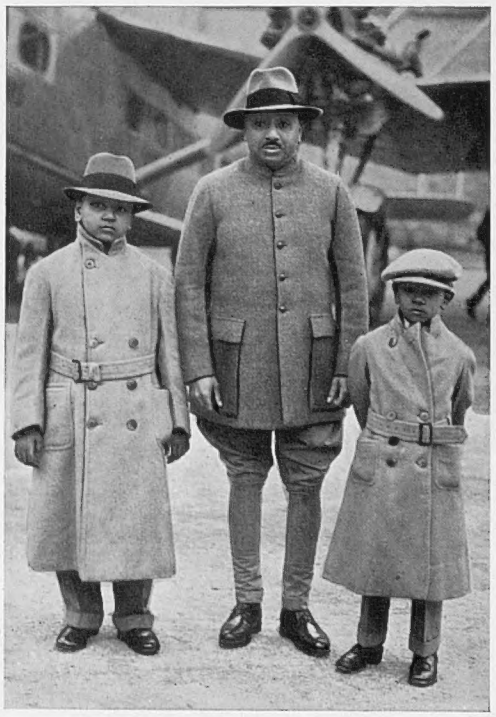
THE OLD STAGER.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD: H.R.H. walking in procession when he went to the City of Dreaming Spires to open the new £40,000 extension of the Taylorian Institution

THE MAYOR OF YPRES IN LONDON: The Mayor, at the Night of Memories at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, greets his guard of honour composed of limbless ex-Service men

WEIGHING-IN A MAYOR: This custom, reminiscent rather of the racecourse than the Town Hall, is an ancient tradition at High Wycombe. Councillor W. S. Toms is seen above in the chair attached to the balance, supported by the beadle bearing the mace, while the sergeant of police enters his weight in the book



THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR with his two sons at Croydon, where they embarked on the air-liner *Hengist* preparatory to embarking on a European tour

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF NORWAY in the Common Room of the Y.W.C.A. building in Maida Vale which they visited early during their stay in London

THE KALEIDOSCOPE of LIFE AT HOME

MOMENTS WERE ETERNITIES at the pit-head after the Edge Green Colliery disaster in which twenty-four miners lost their lives a few days ago. Rescuers with gas masks are seen on the right bound for the mine

GRACE AT THE GUILDHALL: M. Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Maurice Jenks (the retiring Lord Mayor), Sir Percy Greenaway (the Lord Mayor) and Lady Greenaway (the Lady Mayoress), at one of the most colourful of civic functions. Unusually the Prime Minister was absent, but the Chancellor was a guest as was the Primate. Mr. Baldwin delivered the governmental address for the seventh time in his life

THE QUEEN opened the new College Hall in Malet Street, the new residence for women students of the University of London. The Earl of Athlone is the Chancellor; the Countess is the President of the Jubilee Committee

WROTH SILVER — the Martinmas dues from twenty-eight Warwickshire parishes, placed on Knightlow Stone near Coventry. A defaulting parish must still pay a sovereign for every penny of its dues. The money is received by the steward

A BLAZE IN AMSTERDAM HARBOUR: The Dutch mail steamer, *Pieter Corneliszoonhooft*, was destroyed by fire while lying in Amsterdam Harbour. Huge flames from the 15,000-ton liner lighted up the whole of the district round the port. All hope of saving her was given up when the great tanks, filled with oil fuel, exploded. She was towed from the quay in the direction of Ysel Lake. There was no loss of life

IN SCOTLAND'S NEW DOCK: The *Clan Macalister* entering the new Garvel Dock at Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland, which was declared open by Provost Drummond a few days ago

£1,000,000 DAMAGE: A close-up view of the dense clouds of smoke issuing from the blazing 15,000-ton Dutch liner, *Pieter Corneliszoonhooft*, in Amsterdam Harbour

MARTIAL LAW IN THE CITY OF PEACE: Following the serious outbreaks of rioting in Geneva, no fewer than 5,000 troops have been quartered in the city. M.-G. emplacements have been set at all the public buildings and the barracks are heavily guarded. One Genevese battalion was affected by mutiny—due to sympathy with the rioting unemployed. Fifteen were killed in a Communist-led rising against the Government. One of the strong street guards is seen above

"THESE THINGS HAPPEN"—

This Record of Commerce in Europe does not Blink at the Grey Side of Things. It is Helpful in the Way it Reflects the Feeling of the Continent Towards this Country, which says **WE LOOK TO ENGLAND**

By H. HESSELL TILTMAN

(Who has Recently Returned from a 7,000-mile Journey through Industrial Europe)

"Austria is a cemetery of factories," said a Viennese manufacturer to me in reply to a question concerning the state of trade in that semi-bankrupt country. He might have declared that Europe is a cemetery of factories to-day without exaggerating, for the casualty list of the world trade depression is a long one.

Between 1928 and 1931 half the trade of Europe disappeared. Twenty millions of workers are idle. One hundred and fifty million peasants have been reduced to something like beggary by the catastrophic fall in the price of farm products—cereals, cattle, vegetables, wine, and dairy products.

Many of the agricultural nations could not maintain interest payments on their external debts even if they handed over, without payment, the whole of their exports for 1932!

These facts are well known. But behind them are other facts: little cameos unseen except by those who meet the slump face to face in the factories and homes that lie in its path; little pictures which reveal, dramatically, what the great "slow down" means to the "fathers" of once-proud cities, and to the industrialists and dwellers in the millions of small homes. There one hears strange stories of what happens when half the trade of Europe disappears.

I walked along Hamburg's quays—the quays from which depart half the sea-borne exports of Germany. One hundred and eighty vessels, of all types and sizes of craft, were tied up in rows. No smoke came from their funnels; there was no sign of a crew on the decks of any one of them—just as surely as the unemployed workers, those idle steamships are victims of the depression. The cargoes they should be carrying to the four corners of the earth form part of that 50 per cent. of Europe's trade which exists no more. So they lie in Hamburg port while the barnacles grow on their keels.

Facing the long lines of idle ships is a quay where stand twenty-five giant cranes in a row. They were installed to facilitate the swift loading of the "Hamburg fleet." That day two of them were working and twenty-three were motionless and silent. Once the North Sea tides were of vital importance to both ships and cranes. To-day it is the trade tide that matters—and the trade tide has ebbed to a point which means idleness for 250,000 men in that proud Hanseatic port.

On the outskirts of Berlin is Siemenstadt, home of the Siemens electrical equipment works, the largest industrial plant in the German capital. In 1928, 66,493 workers were employed in that one factory, *to walk through all the departments of which would take two days*. To-day 35,000 workers are employed on short time. The rest are eking out their "doles" with soup supplied by Siemens—1 litre for each member of the family at 10 pfennigs (1d.) per litre.

In the department where the firm's draughtsmen work designing the machinery that Siemens make for all the world, there are places for 250 specialists. Half the chairs were empty. This is the electric age, but electric development must wait like everything else, upon better times. That half-empty room reflected the half-empty working places in the miles of departments of Siemenstadt.

Essen—the world of steel and the centre of the Ruhr Valley from which comes three-quarters of all the iron, steel, and coal produced in Germany. At the Krupp works I saw the supreme achievement of the machine age.

It stood in the centre of a great hangar-like building, the mightiest steel press on earth. Slung below it by chains as thick as the human arm was a steel boiler, white hot, and weighing 300 tons. And every time that 15,000 tons of power came crashing down the earth shook. Regularly once a minute the blow fell, pounding like so much butter that lump of steel while showers of red-hot sparks were scattered for yards around.

The boiler was one of six ordered by Soviet Russia. That order was responsible for waking the mightiest machine on earth from its sleep one day in each week. The boilers will all have been completed by now, and the ground beneath the press will shake no more until another order comes along. No one knows when that will be, for if the machine has beaten man the depression has beaten the machine. That monstrous press typifies as nothing else in Europe the fact that to-day the engineer can achieve anything except the miracle of finding work for the products of his brains in a world that has suddenly grown poor.

There is a boot factory at Prague with an English name, evidence of the fact that most of its trade is with this country and the United States. It is a model factory, working a five-day week and paying good wages—from 20s. to 35s. a week for women and from 35s. to 50s. for men, calculated at the present rate of exchange. The factory is still selling women's shoes to the United States at 5s. 7d. a pair, and it still has some orders on hand from this country. But whereas before the depression came eighty pairs out of every hundred made were exported, to-day purchasers are found abroad for only ten out of every hundred pairs.

In the very centre of that stricken region stands Vienna, once the city of laughter and song, but now a city of secret fear—the fear of hunger. With 150,000 workless families and an empty treasury, hunger is already the lot of many.

The Kärntnerstrasse is the most fashionable shopping street in once-gay Vienna. Outwardly it is still a fashionable thoroughfare, for the visitor is not told that the largest store in it has twice been bankrupt; that the gowns and coats in the shop windows are turned and turned about week after week. Proud Vienna tries to hide the ravages of the depression from its visitors. Yet it is never far away.

Down a little arcade in the Kärntnerstrasse, past rows of brightly lit plate-glass windows behind which are displayed beautiful silks, sparkling necklaces, and rich furs, there is a door. Through the door is a staircase leading to two floors that once housed flourishing businesses, but are now empty and locked, and to a third that shelters one of Vienna's stricken middle-class families. For that doorway beside those shop windows, displaying luxuries to tempt the visitor, is the portal of hunger.

In the flat, tucked away under the roof, I talked with the family—a book-keeper unemployed for four years, his wife, and two children. Their total income was 24s. 3d. a week, plus the amount received from a lodger who occupies one of their three rooms, which enabled them to live rent free.

"It lasts us for four days a week," the husband told me, "You see, we cannot resist buying food when we are hungry, and there is any money left. Summer is not so bad—it is the winter that we dread."

Thousands of middle-class families in Austria are living like that, yet every home I entered was scrupulously clean. The Viennese buy soap even when they are hungry. Among those middle and working-class families no washing water, if it is soapy, is thrown away merely because it has been used. It is passed on from family to family until it is useless for cleansing clothes any longer.

In the industrial 21st district of the city I recalled that phrase about "a cemetery of factories." Most of the works there are closed down completely. One firm of machinery manufacturers struggles on, with the pay-roll reduced from 1,200 workers to ninety. One or two more are working two days a week. If any region may truly be said to have been devastated, that region is the 21st district of Vienna.

Amid the scene of desolation a new and magnificent building lifts its head—a great modern structure of concrete and chromium steel with imposing entrance and spacious hall. The visitor, passing it, might take fresh heart. Here, he might say, is one firm that has escaped the slump. And he would be right. For that building, which seems to speak of prosperity, is the only scene of activity in the whole district. Yet that great pile is a monument to the slump. But for the hunger in those homes around it, it would never have raised its magnificent head. It is Dorotheum! The State Pawnbrokers! The one business in all Vienna that gets richer and richer as its customers grow steadily poorer.

Within its doors, in a great room rather like a prosperous bank, is a shining counter lined with men and women, each carrying a parcel containing some household treasure that must be sacrificed. Upstairs are the auction rooms, on the tables of which lie piles of new linen and other goods—pawned by small shopkeepers who despaired of finding customers for them and were desperate for ready money. For those who can buy at slump prices there is a printed catalogue of bargains. Twenty-four closely printed pages of "lots." *Mittheilungen des Dorotheum!* These things, too, happen when half the trade of a city disappears.

Eastward beyond Vienna lie the impoverished farmlands and the nations which have been driven back to barter. In Rumania the peasants, earning a wage equivalent to 3d. a day for fourteen hours work—the lowest wage in all Europe—pay six eggs for a box of matches and sell a chicken for 6d. Bulgaria cannot sell her tobacco for any price worth while, and efforts to exchange Macedonian tobacco for French machinery and textiles have been rejected. The factories want cash and the governments dare not release what foreign currency they possess. So trade languishes.

"Holland is a land which minds its own business" wrote the schoolboy. The Netherlands is still minding its own business, but it has less business than formerly to mind. For there are 300,000 workless in the Dutch cities to-day.

Two facts typify the repercussions of the depression upon Holland. The 600,000 agriculturists, severely hit by Britain's tariffs, are threatened with complete disaster. "Grow lettuces and peas or go bankrupt" is the catch-phrase of the Dutch markets, emphasizing that only on those two crops has any profit at all been made during this year.

The diamond industry, which for generations has meant wealth and prosperity for many in Amsterdam, has been wrecked by the slump. Where ten men were employed in 1914, only one is working to-day. No less then eighty per cent. of the skilled diamond workers are unemployed.

I asked one famous diamond merchant why this industry has suffered so severely.

"The supply of American millionaires is not what it was," he answered laconically.

Truly very few things are what they were in industrial Europe. The depression, spreading like poison gas, has devastated whole nations and taken a heavy toll of wealth and happiness. Yet amid it all Europe remains optimistic at heart. Men and women may be living on potatoes and bread to-day, as millions are in Germany, but they remain sure that to-morrow will bring better times.

"You cannot guess what a comfort Britain is to us in these days," said one Austrian statesman to me, "we look across Europe to your country—so solid, so imperturbable amid the storm, and it helps us to struggle on to the brighter days that are coming."

Unquenchable hope in the midst of men's need and ruined trade—that is perhaps the most miraculous of all the facts of industrial Europe. Even the disappearance of half the trade of the world cannot kill the optimism of the victims on the edge of the hardest winter of a century.

Germans, Danes, Czechs, Austrians, Swiss, Italians, and the rest—all are united in believing that beyond that winter lies the spring of better times.

THE TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT IN GERMANY is seen in this striking study of the crowds outside a Berlin Labour Exchange, a picture eloquent of the magnitude of the out-of-work question

A FLORAL PARLIAMENT IN EASTERN EUROPE

THE OPENING OF THE BULGARIAN PARLIAMENT: King Boris of Bulgaria delivering his address to the assembled deputies, who stand; it will be noted that the King reads uncovered. The floral display round the semi-circular desk before the rostrum, strikes a new note in governmental decoration. King Boris is backed by a picture of himself in uniform. A political non-party group of men from all professions known as Zvéno (The Chain) is looming up in ever-increasing importance on Bulgaria's political sky

CHAMPIONS OF REVISION: The Hungarian Premier, Herr Julius Gömbös, with Signor Mussolini, on the occasion of the former's visit to Rome. Il Duce welcomed Herr Gömbös in person at the station

TO THE AIRMEN OF WARSAW: A striking monument consisting of a pillar of stone surmounted by an aeronaut's figure leaning on a propeller, a composition by Edouard Wittig, was inaugurated to the airmen of Warsaw on Armistice Day

THE DUKE OF MONTROSE, who has adopted the position of compromise on the Home Rule for Scotland question, and defined his position in a letter to *The Times* a few days ago

EXTREMISTS: Mr. Compton Mackenzie *(left)* and Miss Wendy Wood, who tore down the Jack and hoisted the Lion at Stirling at the Bannockburn ceremony last June

LORD MACLAY, who is strongly opposed to Home Rule in any form

SIR PATRICK FORD, who thinks reform of the present system to be wiser

LORD STONEHAVEN, who recently characterized Home Rule as "a false sentiment run mad"

MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, one of the most fervid of Scottish nationalists

SCOTS WHA HAE . . .

A First Record of the Various Stages in the HOME RULE Movement in Scotland—A Burning Question in Certain Centres To-day

English people and exiled Scots who have not kept pace with the march of events in the North will have been surprised to learn that agitation for a Parliament in Edinburgh has become so far advanced as to lead a group of business men to institute a movement in opposition to any proposal for setting up a Scottish National Parliament. As it is extremely probable that the question of Scottish self-government will become increasingly prominent in the near future, a general historical survey of the nationalist movements might not be out of place.

There have been several Home Rule movements in Scotland in the past with which politicians who have since become prominent in British, as distinct from purely Scottish, affairs have been identified. The Liberal Party, and to some extent the Labour Party, have long favoured devolution for Scotland, but their advocacy has never seemed more than lukewarm, and their absorption in the more characteristically party issues has left them little time or energy for the furtherance of Scottish Home Rule in any shape or form. It was only with the formation of the National Party of Scotland some four years ago that the question actively entered into the political field.

It is unlikely that much would have been heard of this infant political party had its formation not had a prelude in the literary and artistic awakening of Scotland which was hailed in some quarters, rather impatiently perhaps, as the Scottish Renaissance. This cultural movement, which included the revival of Braid Scots as a poetic medium, the setting up of a definitely Scottish drama, and kindred movements in art, prose, fiction, and music, attracted a considerable body of "intellectuals," and it was the association of the most prominent of these—notably Compton Mackenzie and Cunninghame Graham—with the young party that helped most of all to bring it into the limelight.

A contributory factor has been the rivalry of two Glasgow daily newspapers of the "sensational" variety which vied with each other in giving publicity to a movement which they no doubt calculated would meet with a certain amount of sentimental sympathy among their readers all over Scotland. It was these newspapers which, by their cultivation of Scottish Home Rule as a leading news feature, led to the change of atmosphere which, by its extent and rapidity of development, has caught most of the more cautious elements in Scottish political life unawares, and given rise to the almost feverish activity of the past few months.

Had the fate of the movement been left in the hands of the National Party of Scotland, it is possible that still little notice would have been taken by Conservative opinion of the agitation for a Parliament in Edinburgh, but the advent of a new political group, itself largely Conservative in personnel, has made it impossible for the proposals to be ignored. A Scottish Home Rule Conference, called privately by the Duke of Montrose and other prominent gentlemen who have no connection with the National Party, met in Glasgow on September 15 this year and passed a resolution recommending the setting up of a responsible Parliament for Scotland in full control of all purely Scottish affairs. The resolution embodied a desire, however, to maintain unimpaired Scottish loyalty to the Crown and Empire, and repudiated the idea of separation from England.

"Our only reason for self-government," said the Duke of Montrose on this occasion, "is that we believe that if we had a Parliament of our own in Scotland we could, and would, manage our own affairs better than they are managed to-day from Westminster." Sir Alexander M. MacEwen, of Inverness, said that what the people of Scotland wanted was complete control of their own internal affairs while maintaining unimpaired Scotland's share in the joint work of International and Imperial concerns. The sovereignty and influence of the Scottish nation would, he said, be weakened, not strengthened, by separation from England.

A committee of ten appointed by this meeting submitted a scheme to a further meeting on October 4, and the scheme, which was approved, had the following as its main provisions:

(*a*) That a Parliament should be set up in Scotland which would have the final legislative authority on Scottish affairs;

(*b*) That the powers of that Parliament should be on matters not expressly reserved to the Imperial Parliament, and should include the control of finance and taxation; and

(*c*) That certain matters, like peace and war, defence, foreign, and Dominion affairs should be reserved to the Imperial Parliament.

These proposals were adopted, with two dissentients, by between sixty and seventy Scots, none of whom could be termed a fanatic.

In contrast to the moderate proposals of this group, which has now become the Scottish Party, "with one purpose"—the setting up of a Scottish Parliament—the National Party, in the words of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, its president, aims at "the national independence of Scotland within the British Commonwealth of Nations, by means of the establishment of a National Parliament with full control over Scottish affairs; a joint British Council to deal with matters of common interest; and joint administration with the other British nations of matters such as foreign policy and defence." Mr. Graham emphasizes that the Scottish Parliament must have full control of finance and complete powers of self-government. He even advocates separate territorial force, coinage and postage stamp systems, and a separate flotilla to protect Scottish fisheries. He believes Scotland should have power to institute her own fiscal system. The Union, he holds, should be repealed, and this move followed by a solemn declaration of Scottish sovereignty.

It is interesting to observe where the older political parties stand in relation to the question. Sir Herbert Samuel on October 14 received a deputation of the National Party in Glasgow, and stated (with the unanimous concurrence of the Liberal ex-Ministers) that the Liberal Party "would regard the establishment of Home Rule for Scotland as among its main purposes," but reminded his hearers that the first phase of national self-government must be an expression of a national desire for self-government. On the same day Lord Stonehaven, speaking in Glasgow University Union, said Scottish Home Rule seemed to him "a false sentiment run mad," and he added that it was certainly no part of the policy of the Unionist Party.

That Lord Stonehaven's attitude is not shared by all Unionists was made abundantly clear the next day by an editorial in a leading Unionist daily newspaper, *The Scotsman*, which commented:

"Lord Stonehaven should not be so dogmatic. Scottish Home Rule is certainly no part of the policy of the Unionist Party at present; but there is no finality in politics. . . . The whole subject requires to be explored in detail, and perhaps a suitable way of doing it would be by the appointment of a Royal Commission. . . . The extremists on one side or the other are the danger point in this controversy. We see in this movement a genuine desire to realize our nationhood more fully. We can see no harm in that, and we think there may be good. Let us consider the question soberly, wisely, with disinterested regard for the good of Scotland."

Nevertheless, Scottish Unionist M.P.s have declared themselves emphatically against the idea of a Parliament in Edinburgh. While some of them—Sir Patrick Ford, for instance—admit that Scotland has political and economic grievances, they feel that these could be remedied under the present system, and the only considerable modification which they contemplate is the restoration of the Scottish Office headquarters "to its natural home in the capital of Scotland," with perhaps the addition of a second Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Scotland.

If Unionist leaders are opposed to any idea of a National Parliament for Scotland, there are signs that some sections of the rank and file of their party do not intend to be dictated to by these leaders on the subject of Home Rule. The dispute between Cathcart Unionists and Sir John Gilmour on this very subject is recalled by the announcement that a motion of expulsion affecting a member of the Cathcart branch will be put forward at the next meeting of the general committee of Glasgow Unionist Association.

It is difficult to arrive at an estimate of the amount of interest actually being taken in the question among the Scottish public; the Scottish Press, at any rate, appears to assume that Home Rule has "news value." The opposition of business men and Unionist M.P.s may succeed in quelling the storm, although it is just as likely that organized opposition will make the Home Rulers more energetic and stimulate public interest even more. There has been no big rally to the National Party standard at either Parliamentary or Municipal polls, but then the urgency of economy as against State and Municipal extravagance has submerged all other issues at recent elections. At Glasgow University Rectorial election, however, Mr. Compton Mackenzie was returned by a large majority. It is possible that such nationalism as may be found among the Scottish public will go to support the moderates, headed by the Duke of Montrose, rather than the extremists as represented by the National Party. Whatever be the case, it is certain that much more will be heard of Scottish Home Rule.

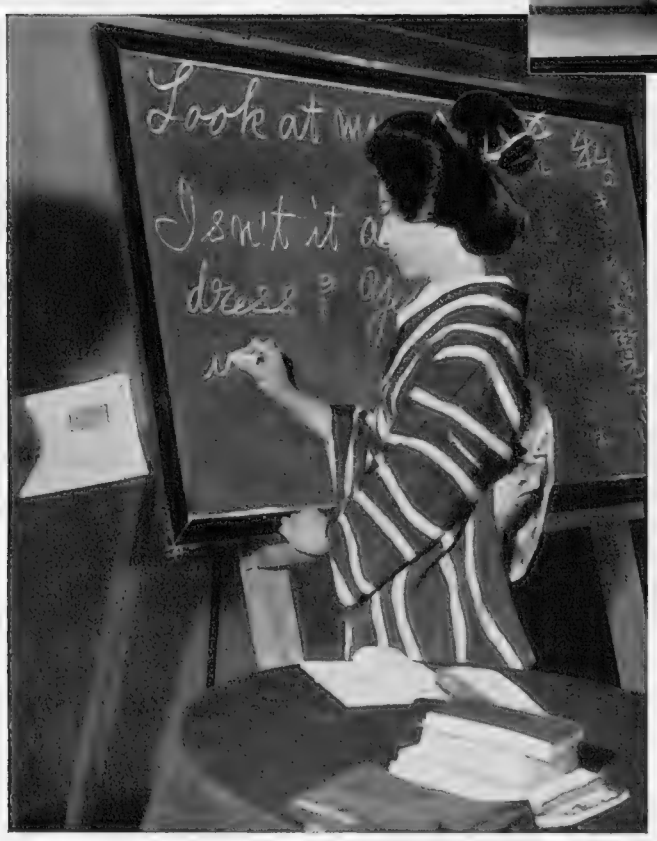
A. D. Mackie

MANIFESTATIONS OF THE NEW JAPAN

"I HAVE FINISHED MY EXERCISE": The geishas of Japan are now given a modern education including European languages—notably English—typewriting, and the dances and music of the day

POLLY PEACHUM in the Penny Gaff in Tokio—a manifestation of new Japan

THE VIOLIN and the piano have replaced the samisen as the instruments to be learned by the geisha; the tango and foxtrot (*left*) have replaced the butterfly dance. The Geisha High School, modern in style as the education it enshrines, is seen on right. At the present moment there are no fewer than 300 students at the school



"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE" is taught in the Geisha High School

At the new High School the geishas are taught English as well as all Euro-American dances and modern music, and learn to play the violin and pianoforte. They must also become acquainted with European customs and social usages. The teaching staff consists of well-known Japanese authors and educational specialists. Twice a year the geisha students are examined by public demonstration

Pictures by Natori

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA": Macheath is on the right in the most fantastic garments imaginable

The German film, *Die Dreigroschenoper* (The Penny Gaff Opera), aroused the greatest interest in Japan, especially as it directed attention to the new style of opera production. At one time the opera was running in three separate places in Tokio alone; the text was translated freely into Japanese. This great success excited a number of actors who have at one time or other studied the theatre somewhat in Germany. The peculiarity of the opera permitted every possible choice of costume and properties. The opera produced provided actors in kimono and with the traditional hairdressing, while others appeared like gunmen from a U.S. film

FROM BERLIN TO BRA

RECESSION FROM BERLIN, the Brandenburg Gate which is seen above, is the projected order of the day according to the plan of General Kundt revealed in the accompanying article

A first Conference is likely to be soon convened—probably at Geneva—having reference to the present maldistribution of the white population of the earth, chiefly Europeans. The direct object of this Conference would be the transportation of a round million Germans—men, women, and children—to the Upper Amazon. But in all probability the whole subject of overcrowding would be gone into, notably in regard to the further white settling of Africa.

Last year Europe's population increased by a further 8,000,000, and this despite definite signs that birth control is spreading in several lands. Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Italy are the chief centres of excessive breeding, and it is known that Mussolini desires a further 3,000,000 increase by 1940 and that the Soviet hopes to attain 200,000,000 in twenty years' time—her present figure being 33,000,000 short of that immense total.

How are all these people going to live? Where are they going to find work as machines become ever more perfect? May not vast schemes of re-settlement overseas prove in the long run the only way out? For example, the whole population of Australasia numbers hardly more than that of two European cities combined—Paris and Berlin.

Deprived of their colonies as outlets, the Germans are in particular concentrating on the notion of great movements to South America and later to Africa. The ex-Crown Prince's son, Hubert, is at present on the way to West Africa to report on local possibilities. Germany is not increasing as rapidly as other nations—she has gone ahead by only 75,000 this year so far—but she has a round 7,000,000 unemployed and practically no hope in sight of ever finding work again in sufficient volume. So eyes are turning more and more in the direction of mandates and giant transportation plans.

The proposed Geneva Conference hinges on the plan of the German General Kundt, lately Commander-in-chief of the Bolivian Army. It is planned to ship 250,000 able-bodied Germans and their families to the virgin forest territory of the Upper Amazon. This colonization would not run counter to local interests and rights; in fact it would bring business to Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Venezuela. Everything is being schemed with characteristic German thoroughness. It is no wild-cat affair, but likely to have tangible result.

"Our plan," says the General, "is to find an outlet for the excess German population and to undertake a gigantic project of colonization. With this end in view we have founded the Agro-Industrial Inter-Continental Association and we intend to create German colonies at the sources of the Amazon. We do not envisage bringing over isolated settlers as North and South America were peopled in the past, but families totalling a million human beings.

INSECT LIFE is to be obliterated *a la* Goethals in Panama, but in the modern way — by aeroplane spraying

These families will have houses ready for building and all agricultural implements so that the work of development may at once be undertaken on the grand scale.

"One of the first things necessary will be to acquire a flying force which will patrol the whole country emitting gas that will destroy the mosquitoes and other insects which infest the region, making white life very hard at the present time. Indeed, the women and children could not support it at all. What General Goethals did in the Panama zone we can easily accomplish with the much more efficacious means to arrive since his day.

"The settlers will be split up into battalions under agricultural technicians, and all life will be on the co-operative system. Thus, instead of erecting isolated houses, we intend to construct whole towns on a common plan. As in the later German towns to be built, entire quarters will have their heating emanating from a central factory. The colonists will live in 'refrigerated' houses, and will thus be able to endure the climatic rigours of summer. There will be no windows, the sun's heat thus being kept out. Light and ventilation will be artificial. Science has already progressed far enough to enable a house to be healthy even without sunlight.

"We are not going to bring over inexperienced young people, nor are we going to accept agriculturists who already have work in Germany. We intend to take serious married men, of thirty and over, from the towns—men who are persuaded that they must plant the basis of a new life. They must know how to use machines, because the help of machinery is, above all, imperative for the success of our plan. The colonists will, of course, become citizens of their adopted country, but that will not stop them remaining good Germans and preserving their language and customs. They will remain in constant wireless touch with the Fatherland.

WILL THE COLONISTS TAKE THEIR BEER-MUGS WITH THEM when they create a German civilization in the hinterland of Brazil?

"To hold that these men will be sons lost to Germany is a false argument if you consider that Germany alone has enough unemployed to supply the wide world!

"We do not intend to produce things of which there is already a superabundance. We are not going to grow coffee or cotton or sugar cane. We shall export wood to North America and minerals and vegetable fats to Europe. At present the United States gets much of its wood from Russia, but we feel sure the Americans would prefer to draw on South America instead, because we intend to buy a great deal of our plant and machinery from North America. The German mercantile marine, at present practically at a standstill, will be given the work of transporting the great army across the ocean. These settlers will not only relieve unemployment in the homeland, but will set in motion more than one branch of industry and commerce. And we believe that the spectacle of men and women setting forth to begin life anew will have a psychological effect of the first importance, not only in Germany but throughout the world. It has now been reduced to a matter of finding adequate funds to launch the

ZIL:

A German Scheme for Placing 1,000,000 German Emigrants in the Upper Amazon Area of South America

By FERDINAND TUOHY

project, and business men with whom we have made contact are satisfied that the plan is perfectly realizable and could be made a sound proposition.

"One of our chief technicians will be Walter Boehmer, who has had charge of a section of the Russian Five Year Plan. We require a further 2,500,000 gold marks and hope to attain this figure as a result of the forthcoming Round Table Conference. The President of Peru writes, 'Colonize the mountain for me and I will pay you any price you like.' Our Humboldt foretold that one day the Amazon would produce a new civilization. Let us see that it will be a German one!"

There seems little doubt that in the oncoming decades a great new impetus will be given to colonization as a way out of our European troubles, for it is plain that we have not extracted the maximum from this source, while it will be impossible to maintain growing populations in Europe. The French and Italians are looking more particularly to Africa, and ourselves, one imagines, to Canada and Australasia. Joseph Caillaux is the champion of African settlement. He wants the Niger Valley opened up by a trans-Saharan railway, and he believes hundreds of thousands of French could settle in this relatively healthy region once it has been irrigated. The soil is exceptional for Africa.

THE TYPE OF HOUSE, tried out in various German centres, envisaged as the ideal for the projected colonies. It has no windows, and is artificially illuminated and ventilated

The present neglect of Africa is striking. Whereas we in Europe have sixty inhabitants to the square mile, in Africa the figure is five. At the present rate most of the world's raw materials, save iron, coal, and phosphates, look like being used up in thirty years' time. Moves must be made now to ensure their continuation by developing unexplored centres. So runs the argument. The whole white population of Africa numbers but 3,700,000, and of these all save 300,000 are centred in the Cape or in North Africa. The entire rest of the Dark Continent has but 300,000 white settlers. There are 11,000,000 natives in North Africa and 17,000,000 in the South. New means of transport and settling from Europe can create great new centres of life in Africa. The white settlers should be directed to the higher regions of 3,000 ft. and more.

The Italians are contemplating Uganda, Tanganyika, and Kenya. The colonial review, *Oltremare*, also points to Rhodesia, Katanga, Angola, and Mozambique as capable of absorbing big European colonies. These regions, the Italians aver, could be made to hold 10,000,000 Europeans, as much as are in the Australian continent. The soil is fertile, the climate possible, and the native element is thin. Even in Uganda there are only fifteen inhabitants to the square mile. Tanganyika, twice the size of France, is settled by a mere handful of 10,000 whites. At present the habitable parts of high Africa contain 240,000 white settlers. The Italians claim that that number could be increased five times over.

Our own stoppage of emigration, which used to average 100,000 a year before the War, has become closely connected with the Ottawa agreements. It does seem highly desirable that the Dominions should be invited to unbar the door and that propaganda should be set afoot in the country pointing out to youth the advantages of migrating instead of being condemned to cramped-up idleness at home. It seems, in fact, that the projected settlement of the Upper Amazon might be made a starting point to review the entire matter of further white settling overseas. Since the War, and as a consequence of our nationalistic bias and tariffs, we have allowed this extremely important matter to lapse.

A decade hence Europe will number 80,000,000 more inhabitants than to-day—that is, if Italy, Poland, and Russia maintain their present rate of increase. Quite obviously, with machine life growing ever more complete, a serious problem is indicated. The whole world is increasing by 20,000,000 a year, of which over half comes from the teeming Orient. But that is hardly the present problem which remains of the chances of colonizing South America and high Africa. The time has surely arrived for wider horizons instead of continuing to turn round and round in our small European compass. The spirit of migration requires to be fanned anew—and, incidentally, the silly notion that it is humiliating to leave one's country, scotched. With modern science, settling the distant parts of the world is a very different proposition, in 1932, to what it was at the beginning of the century. Yet, for a variety of reasons, the tide has ceased to flow away from Europe.

Perhaps the next conference after the World Economic one might be convened to study plans for a saner sharing out of the white population. We have possibly grown too accustomed to standing still in this matter. Here are Canada and Australia numbering, together, less than half the population of England and Wales. In Italy and Central Europe, with U.S. emigration a thing of the past, the position is growing steadily more urgent.

What is required is a crusade to wake up nations and peoples to the desirability of their stretching themselves as in the past. Wholesale planning on the most up-to-date principles can give back the necessary tonic to overseas settling which has been long enough in the doldrums.

We cannot go on multiplying and machining and "staying put" and hope to get away with it.

TRANSPORT IN AMAZONIA: Assembling a canvas boat 170 lb. in weight—a picture from the Dyott Expedition. At the end of one trip one canoe of this type had eighty-two patches affixed to mend punctures upon it

THE UPPER AMAZON: A raft of logs in the country that may soon absorb some of Germany's surplus population

RULE 21 (2) (a): "A card is deemed to have been . . . played by the declarer . . . when he touches a card in dummy's hand." This is designed to eliminate "hovering," and prevent the younger hand from, possibly, revealing a card too soon

ETIQUETTE: This common fault of careless dealing, the cards held or dealt so as to be visible to partner or opponent, is one of the points we are now begged to avoid with special care

KEEP YOUR TRICKS NEAT: This illustrates another "impropriety" described in the Supplement as "failing to keep the tricks in correct order and distinct from one another"

DUMMY TO BE STILL AS WELL AS DUMB: Another "impropriety" specifically catalogued in the Supplement to the new Rules; the dummy should not leave the table to watch the declarer play the hand. *Above on right*—ACE HIGH: In cutting for partners, deal, and seats, ace now counts high, and precedence goes to the higher ranking card; suits are ignored except in the case of equal ranking cards. In the above, the drawers of ace of clubs and knave of spades will be partners, the former having deal; choice of seats, and cards

An INTERNATIONAL CODE for CONTRACT

There is a very close analogy between the Portland Club and the M.C.C. in their respective spheres. Neither holds a charter nor has any real legal right to rule the roost, yet each is, in this country, by tradition and by common consent, the acknowledged authority in its own domain, each functioning as a benevolent autocrat and a jealous custodian of the tradition, the proprieties, and the idiosyncrasies of its own game. Moreover, each has done—and will, one hopes, go on doing—a vast amount of unseen, unadvertised, but most valuable work, work which one cannot conceive of any other body undertaking. Each is frequently accused of conservatism and "stickiness," yet each goes calmly on its way quite oblivious to uninformed criticism, invariably coming out on top in the long run.

One immediate result—and a very good one, too—of the appearance of the revised version of the rules at this particular psychological moment in the development of the game will be that we shall now have a far larger than usual percentage of players who have really read the rules for perhaps the first time in their card lives—a welcome desideratum.

Looking at the new rules in the light of the limited experience so far available, I cannot see any justification for the impression that seems prevalent that the new scoring will make the average rubber points higher. Some clubs have already, rather prematurely, decided to reduce the stakes, but general experience so far as it has gone suggests that the tendency will be in the other direction. Possibly the effect of the reduction to trick value of each over-trick will be to encourage "forward" players to bid right up to the maximum value of their hand and therefore to encourage more frequent doubles. But this is only problematical, and meanwhile it looks as if increased penalties here and there have been set off by decreases elsewhere. The tremendous premium for grand slam is very alluring on paper, but in practice the bid is so rare that this extra 1,500 non-vulnerable and still less the 2,250 vulnerable (though I have already seen the latter made) is not going to figure in enough rubbers to upset the average points.

Some of these new rules will crop up very promptly in the average player's experience, e.g. the insufficient bid (Rule 40); note that the offender must make his bid sufficient *in any suit* and that his partner must pass until the next round, if any. The bidding can no longer be closed at the previous sufficient bid.

Look out, too, for that very frequent and very irritating mistake when playing dummy of leading from the wrong hand. You can now (Rule 45) make the offender lead a card of *the same suit* from the correct hand, a most appropriate penalty and a thoroughly good innovation as it means, in most cases, that a projected finesse will go wrong.

Then there is the bid out of turn. Rule 39, which deals with this, deserves special reading, and ought to be thoroughly mastered by all players. A change which is unlikely, I think, to affect most of us very much (unless in the case covered by Rule 24 (d)) is in the penalty for unauthorized inspection of a quitted trick (Rule 53). I fancy that the new penalty will not be incurred any more frequently than was the old penalty of the loss of 50 points, from which no one has ever got very rich.

When we reach the new revoke law (55) we are at what promises, I think, to be the most controversial item of the whole code. Definite opinion must be reserved for the time being, but it certainly looks at first glance as if it won't be satisfactory. It has already happened that an unintentional revoke has left the *non-offender*, after the transfer of two tricks for the revoke, one down in a six-spades vulnerable contract instead of scoring game, rubber, and small slam premium. It is true that this may be an exceptional case and ordinary legislation must ignore the exceptional case, but it looks rather ominous of further complications ahead, and experienced players are already humorously remarking that, *faute de mieux*, it now pays to revoke!

Let us all make up our minds to one thing at least, to a very faithful observance of the "Proprieties" listed in the Supplement. Laugh at them, if you like; they are all, if you like, aimed straight at Colonel A. or dear old Mrs. B., not at you or me. But let us master them and observe them and we shall make our contract a much pleasanter game for all concerned.

PEEJAY.

GERMANY'S Curious SKAT CITY

Centenary Celebrations at Altenburg, the Home of Card Making

Altenburg, in Thuringia, is only a small city, but its name is known wherever Germans live. For it is not only the seat of Germany's largest and oldest playing-card factory, which celebrated its hundredth anniversary on November 16, 1932, but it is also the home of skat, the card game which Germans love so greatly that not even the growing popularity of bridge has weaned its followers away. Bridge remains confined more or less to certain classes, but skat is played alike in the villas of the rich and in the homes and gathering places of the humble. No village is so small that it has not its skat club.

The traveller in a German train will often see men playing, using a suitcase for a table, and occasionally one will find a notice fastened to the door of a train compartment, "Third man wanted." For the game is played by three players; if there be a fourth, one sits out once in each round.

In Northern Germany what are known as "French cards" are used, the same as in France, England, American, and the Scandinavian lands, but in Middle and Southern Germany one finds the old German cards with quite different names and pictures. There are "Schellen" (bells) instead of diamonds, "Eicheln" (acorns) instead of clubs, "Grün" (green, with leaves) for spades, and "Rot" (red, with hearts) for hearts.

The origin of skat is not definitely known, but it is certain that it was first played in Altenburg, which has thus come to be known as "the skat city," as Ströbeck, near Halberstadt, is known as "the chess village." As long ago as the sixteenth century—playing-cards have been known in Germany since 1300—the word "skat" was used to designate the laying aside of several cards in the then popular game of taroque. Two cards are also laid face down in the middle of the table in dealing for skat, which is played with a deck of thirty-two cards, and it is probable that the name of the game is a corruption of the Italian "scartare," which means to lay aside.

In its present form, however, skat is only 120 years old. It grew in the eighteenth century out of the old game of "schafskopf." Karl Christian Adam Neefe (1774–1821), city clerk in Altenburg, introduced into the old game the laying aside of two cards as in taroque, the lower one of which determined the trump. About 1815 to 1817 the differentiation was made between playing with these cards open or covered, trump was designated by the successful bidder, and the different values were assigned to the "matadors" (jacks or knaves).

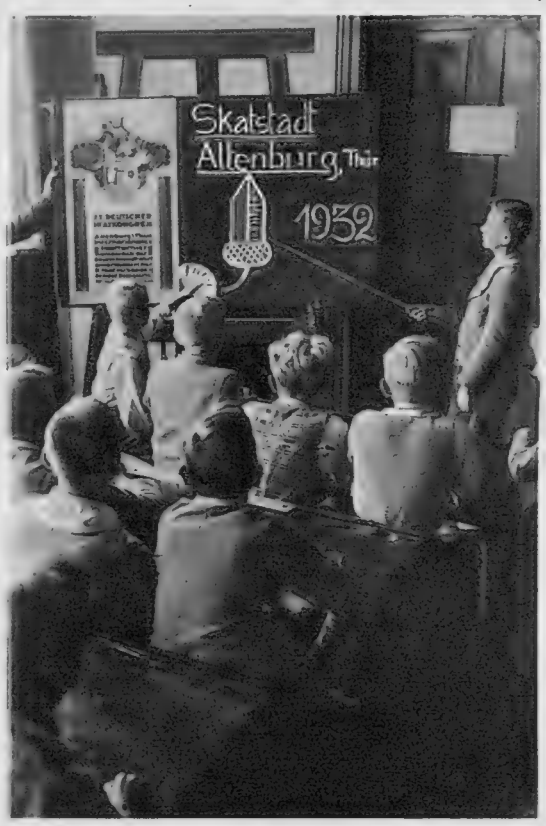
The game was developed and refined rapidly, and spread from Altenburg to all parts of Germany and surrounding countries. The first large playing-card factory was established in 1832, and in 1882 the first skat problems appeared in a magazine. The first German skat congress was held in Altenburg in 1886 and it issued standard rules for Germany which are followed generally wherever the game is played and which are altered only by decree from Altenburg. A "German skat court" has been established to settle all disputed points. The thirteenth skat congress will be held again this year in the home of the game.

Friends of skat have even erected a monument to their favourite game in Altenburg, the only one of its kind in the world. On a high pillar sit the four jacks, engaged in an obviously hotly contested game. And in the old palace, once occupied by the Dukes of Sachsen-Altenburg, a playing-card museum exists, also the only one of its kind in the world. It contains an extensive collection of old copper engravings, steel, and woodcuts, dealing with the history of cards. There are historic playing-cards from many centuries, many of them of great artistic value, and primitive cards made by soldiers in the trenches during the World War. The collection was got together by an Altenburg friend of skat, who devoted thirty years to the task.

A unique exhibit is the equipment of a playing-card factory of the eighteenth century, including presses, stamps, etc. The museum is to be materially enlarged in connection with the centenary of the Altenburg card factory.

F. F. S.

ON THE ROOF TOPS the famous game of skat is played with as much intensity and enthusiasm as in the houses. Skat clubs exist all over Germany; but in Altenburg, as is only natural in the foundation city, the game is an obsession



IN THE SCHOOLROOM: "Train up a child in the way he should go" is, apparently, the motto of the skat-mad city of Altenburg, where the great German game was invented

IN THE GUTTERS OF ALTENBURG, street urchins play not hop-scotch or Tom Tiddler's ground, but skat. The entire town is practically monopolized by its own game

IN THE STUDIO: Pix, the famous card-painter of the district, received the ovation of a national hero on his fiftieth birthday from the many skat fans

IN THE FACTORY: A pack of skat-cards before they are cut up out of the sheet with a guillotine. No fewer than 15,000 packs are produced per day in Altenburg

b

ART NEWS of the WEEK

LUIGI GONZAGA (St. Aloysius) by El Greco, a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus who did heroic work during the Plague at Rome in the sixteenth century. The canvas, from the Von Auspitz collection, is at Agnew's Galleries

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN, by John Shirley-Fox. It was hung on the line at the Academy in 1915. It was painted at Corsham Court

HEAD OF A WOMAN, by Memling. A gem of the Auspitz collection, it, like the El Greco *on the extreme left*, is now on view at Agnew's Galleries, New Bond Street

ON SALE AT SOTHEBY'S: An inscribed and dated bowl, an inkstand of waisted cylindrical form, an important dated and inscribed coffee-pot, an inscribed and dated mug of cylindrical form—all pieces of East Anglian pottery of the Lowestoft School

Lowestoft porcelain has a charm all its own. One seems to get right back into the mid-eighteenth century when one handles the pieces inscribed with the name of the owner, the village in East Anglia where he lived, and the year in which it was made. It is all very personal and English, and recalls the solid Georgian houses for which the china was made. It requires no great imagination to see the prosperous Norfolk or Suffolk landowner, or small farmer, calling at the Lowestoft factory to order the tea service for his wife, or the special mug on which he decided to have either a negro or a Chinaman, carrying a sunshade as an embellishment. We find that some purchasers ordered special designs. A certain Thomas Bonner, for instance, who was a carrier, had a bowl made for him in 1764, showing a painting of four horses drawing a wagon towards the Three Tuns Inn at Halesworth, and Mr. Davey, the Superintendent of the Lighthouses, had a mug with a painted panel showing a view of the lighthouse on the cliff with some fishermen's houses below.

The Lowestoft factory was founded in 1757 by Messrs. Walker and Browne and lasted for forty years, Mr. Philip Walker being the directing head of the factory for nearly the whole of its career. The other partner, Robert Browne, was the technical expert who brought his chemical knowledge to the business till his death in 1771, when his son succeeded to his position. The peak of excellence in Lowestoft china was reached between 1770 and 1780.

Collectors of this interesting Lowestoft ware have had a good opportunity of purchasing some excellent pieces at the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's this week, when the well-known collection of the late Mr. W. J. Lee was sold. Among the items of this collection is a fine bowl, made for Mr. John Wright of Wangford, a village in Suffolk, and there is another bowl made, apparently, to celebrate the wedding of Abraham and Tabitha Moore on August 29, 1765.

Illustrated for the first time in THE SPHERE is the piece of City insignia known incorrectly as the Lord Mayor's sceptre. It is a civic relic of exceptional interest, for the main shaft is thought to date from no less than Saxon times. The illustration of this century-laden baton was taken specially for THE SPHERE at the Guildhall last week.

THE LORD MAYOR'S MACE: The Guildhall's most jealously guarded treasure, known commonly and incorrectly as the Lord Mayor's sceptre, is 18 in. long with shaft and knobs of crystal mounted in gold, with gem encrusted head

ON SALE AT CHRISTIE'S NEXT WEEK: A pair of wine ewers of ogee section enamelled in famille-verte (K'ang Hsi) and an hexagonal teapot, the handle modelled as a dolphin on a wooden star (also K'ang Hsi)

LILLIPUT COMES TO LIFE: A Spanish dancer puppet at the Puppet and Model Theatre Guild Exhibition in Leicester Square—a comprehensive display of the fascinating subject

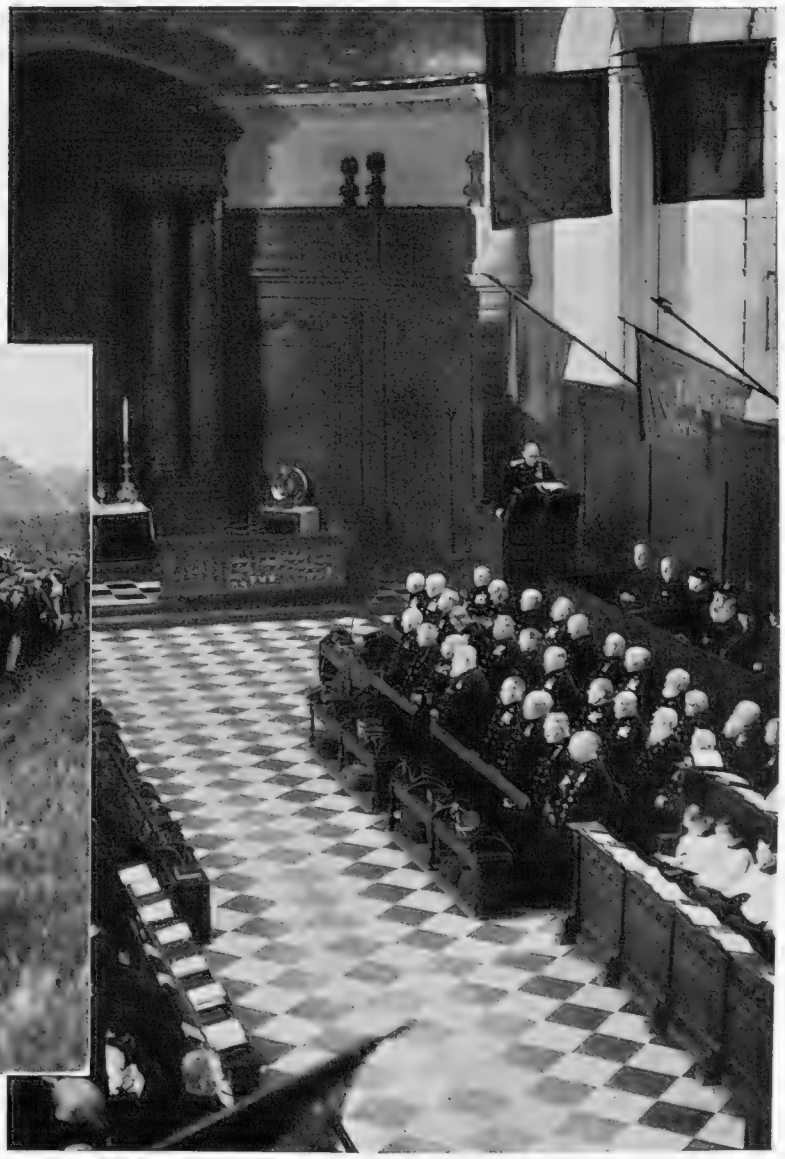
MR. PETER COPLEY, the son of the artist, by Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., who has recently been elected to membership of the Royal Society of British Artists. The canvas is in the R.B.A. show

FURROWS STRAIGHT AND LONG: A general view during the ploughing match of the Dove, Derbyshire, Ploughing Society

ENGLAND IN NOVEMBER

HACKING HOMEWARD: A group enjoying the autumn weather in the Row whose ten to-day is russet with fallen leaves

COXED BY AN EX-CABINET MINISTER: Major-General Seely, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire and ex-Secretary of State for War, acted as coxswain of the Brook, I.O.W., lifeboat (*seen above*) owing to the illness of the regular officer. General Seely has been a lifeboatman for thirty-eight years



ARMISTICE SUNDAY: General Sir Walter Braithwaite reading the lesson in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Chapel

BELOW STA

By CHARLES GRAVES

ETIQUETTE BELOW STAIRS: Some great houses show more punctilio in the servants' hall than in the drawing-room, the servants being not only addressed by the title, but actually graded by the rank, of their employers

The subject of domestic servants (like charity) begins at home. In the past few days it has come further into the foreground as a result of the decision of the Committee of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance against extending unemployment benefit to them. This can hardly be considered a hardship for them, because even in these times there are more vacancies than applications from good servants for quite a number of the forty-two varieties on the average domestic employment agency's books. Cases in point are married couples for whom a sudden increased demand has sprung up in the past two months, "useful maids," "useful helps," and good cooks. Efficient women servants have no difficulty in getting work, I am told. This naturally does not apply to uncouth, boisterous, unemployed factory girls any more than to ex-miners and ex-commercial travellers who cannot reasonably hope to walk into jobs as butlers.

THE ORIGINAL: Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. She was the wife of the founder of Hunt, Barnard & Co., the printers

This week I have learnt more about domestic servants and their mistresses than I guessed was possible. For I went to Mrs. Hunt, who in ten years has had 192 applications for servants on behalf of Royal households. Mrs. Hunt numbers 220 members of the House of Lords among her clients and hundreds more of the House of Commons. Thousands of applications are received from ordinary householders all over Great Britain in a single month. Altogether Mrs. Hunt must have placed more than 1,000,000 servants since the business began in Duke Street, Manchester Square, in 1857. Incidentally, she has given me all my own servants since I married, and most excellent they are.

The original Mrs. Hunt is no longer alive, though her son is the governing director and her daughter is also in the business. She was the wife of the founder of Hunt, Barnard and Company, the printers, and started the agency, so her daughter tells me, because people were always asking her to find them servants. She began by herself. To-day there is a staff of 100, with ten telephone lines, seventeen extensions, an annual telephone bill of more than £500, and an annual postage stamp bill of more than £4,000. The last order for envelopes was for 2,500,000.

It was from Mr. C. H. Seccombe, the managing director, that I learnt all I know now about domestic service. And it is pretty considerable. Downstairs there are drawers full of listed servants and householders which would extend, end to end, all the way to Oxford Circus from High Street, Marylebone. Upstairs there are rooms where two or three hundred women servants will be waiting for a "call" and sipping cups of tea. There are rooms full of butlers and other indoor male servants. There are rooms full of social governesses, nurses, and ladies' companions. In the drawers downstairs, where the lists of employers are kept, are numbers of envelopes marked with an ominous red letter. In the drawers set aside for the servants another ominous red letter appears even more frequently. Other sinister designations also occur. The first list is Mrs. Hunt's private black list of undesirable employers. Some of them are titled. Nor do they earn their red letter unless a series of well-founded complaints from a series of servants is received. Here you find all the frailty of human nature. Servant after servant writes to say that the food is inadequate, their mistress a scold, and that they, like the rest of the staff, are giving notice. There is one classic example of a parlourmaid who was dismissed because she sneezed when serving at dinner. We all know people who are unable to keep their servants. Several of them are on the black list.

The second list is that of undesirable servants. Although it was many thousands of names long, another six hundred and fifty have been added since the beginning of this year. They may have earned their bad mark for theft (if a servant girl is convicted in a police court in the North of England for any kind of dishonesty it will find its way on to the files within a week); or, in the case of cooks, for sending out food to their relatives; or for forged references, which is a very common and dangerous practice. Last June a woman of title was waylaid by an alleged bandit, and her jewellery worth £9,338 was stolen. The case came to trial. The chauffeur, Nelson Richard Carter, was sentenced to five years penal servitude. He has been on Mrs. Hunt's black list since October, 1928, when he had pleaded guilty to obtaining £50 by fraud and the case had been reported in a local weekly.

TEA IS SERVED to the waiting applicants for with a biblical text, testifies to the position clients but among

GENTLEMEN'S GENTLEMEN, butlers, footmen, and mere indoor male servants called by courtesy single-handed butlers are given a plethora of papers in their waiting-room

"We are convinced from a very wide experience in our particular line of business that forged and fraudulent characters are largely upon the increase; indeed, not a week passes without detecting such a case," said Mr. Seccombe. "Some of these characters are on stylish notepaper and are letters such as might be written by a lady or gentleman of position; some of them come from addresses which would be likely to deceive anyone. In certain cases the reference given is to a servant who is in a situation and who has thus a good address to use in receiving and despatching a letter. A police court magistrate recently remarked that the typewritten letters of character from a fictitious "employer" in a case he was hearing were wonderfully well got up. What is urgently needed appears to us to be some means of easily and immediately warning the public by publishing particulars of flagrant cases, and so from time to time we publish details (after careful verification) of some of the worst cases that come under our notice.

"These usually belong to one of three classes: (1) Character given by some friend of the servant, who poses as the master or mistress, the servant when applying for a place suppressing her real mistress's name and address and substituting those of her friend. (2) Character given by the friend who uses the name of the real mistress. (3) Character given by the friend who uses neither her own nor the mistress's name, but that of some imaginary person. A servant will sometimes write her own character, but this is not often done, as it is difficult to disguise the handwriting sufficiently.

"Nowadays servants' handwriting has improved very much indeed owing to their greater education, and in consequence forged references are more difficult to detect. However, we have our agents all over the country who soon check up on the names and addresses given. Often, too, from our own files, we can discover whether the handwriting purporting to be that of one of our clients is genuine. The employment of the agents costs us hundreds of pounds a year, but it is obviously necessary."

MISTRESSES ARE SHY of taking servants from large households such as this, lest the employee regard the new and more modest household with disdain. The fear is, in reality, usually groundless

IRS : Domestic Service To-day and the Hunt for the Perfect Treasure

positions at Mrs. Hunt's. The densely crowded room, embellished this great Domestic Agency holds not only among its employer its staff customers

Mr. Seccombe then explained the mystic letters B.D. and D.N.R. B.D. stands for bad debt, and means that the particular person has not paid the usual fees. D.N.R. stands for "Do not recommend," and is caused by some failure on the part of the servant—sheer inefficiency, impudence, taking afternoons off without leave, and so on. There are thousands of these as well. Servants, presumably, have not the slightest idea, any more than employers, what a dossier is collected about them in a few short years.

"We have on our books many households where there are still more than twenty servants kept," Mr. Seccombe went on to say, "and here, as elsewhere, those from which the servants write to say that they are particularly happy have a pink envelope. In most cases, however, there has been a distinct shrinkage in the staff during the last three years. Between August and October of last year, when the National Government was formed, this was particularly noticeable. Employers panicked and dismissed their servants just as they did in August 1914. Many of them were taken back within a few weeks or placed elsewhere, but nevertheless you find that houses which had fourteen to seventeen servants in 1928 have perhaps eight or nine now. The mistress with nine housemaids will only keep seven, and the one with an upper and under housemaid will have only a single one.

"It may interest you to know that one of the most popular posts in the whole range of domestic service is that of second housemaid, for the head housemaid has the responsibility and the third housemaid does the rough or heavy work. To-day, of course, there is much less work to do in the average house. In addition to the use of all kinds of labour-saving devices, many householders are putting their silver and plate into their banks in order to save insurance. It also saves the question of cleaning. Again, there is much less entertaining to be done, and in many cases the big drawing-rooms are being closed and put under dust covers. Altogether, domestic service is very much less arduous and far better paid than it was thirty years ago, when a plain cook expected only twenty pounds a year, and a general was content with sixteen.

"To-day there have been cases brought to my knowledge where a head parlourmaid has refused to take a job because there was no vacuum cleaner. Nor is it easy to imagine that thirty years ago a mistress would allow her servants the use of her carriage, as modern mistresses in the country frequently do with their motor-car complete with chauffeur to take them to the nearest town for shopping on their servants' day off. Gramophones are another agreeable addition, where possible, to the pleasantness of the modern domestic servant's life. Before the War I knew of cases where a butler was given only ten shillings a week as board wages. To-day the normal amount is in the neighbourhood of seventeen to nineteen shillings for women servants, and perhaps a little more for men. Present-day parlourmaids are not fond of working for doctors because of the amount of door-work involved. Large houses and basement bedrooms are also unpopular. Ladies offered every inducement to servants when the scarcity was at its height three or four years ago."

To-day, of course, it is not quite so necessary, but conditions are entirely different from what they used to be, when cellar kitchens were the rule, and all the food had to be carried up steep stone steps to the dining-room. In those days of eight course or nine course meals the servants must have felt ready to drop by the time they had taken up the coffee tray.

Servants' bathrooms were an unknown luxury, and seventy years ago they were rare even for the owners of many big houses. Each bedroom had a hip-bath into which the hot water had to be poured after it had been brought all the way up from the kitchen. Only the sitting-rooms had carpets. The passages and bedrooms had bare boards which were scrubbed every week—often with sand because soap was so dear. Plate and brass took a long time to clean in the days before patent metal polish. Bedrooms were full of knick-knacks which needed any amount of dusting, and it took two people to shake the inevitable feather bed. Oil lamps needed daily trimming in these remote days. The large open coal fires caused an enormous amount of grime. Tea was expensive. There were no cinemas for the one evening off a week. The servants lived a communal life of their own, bounded, however, by rules of etiquette at least as severe as those upstairs. To what extent below stairs etiquette flourishes to-day I do not know. But this I can say from personal knowledge. As recently as ten years ago, ladies' maids in the service of visiting guests were addressed by the names of their master or mistress in the servants' hall at Warwick Castle and elsewhere, and took precedence according to their employer's rank and not according to their own importance or length of service. The order of precedence is still well observed, and though it attracted no public attention, the vexed question of the chauffeur's position in the scale of things was most acute when motor cars first came in. Those were the days of the old-fashioned servant, and the wise mistress still tries to obtain servants who learnt their training there. They were, unconsciously, real schools of domestic service, and it is the greatest pity that they are dwindling so fast. In twenty years' time there will be as many old servants as ever, but the training of a flat is not likely to be so efficient, and the old-fashioned servant, the "real treasure," will be harder to find.

GIVING PARTICULARS of their previous employment, qualifications, etc., this group of employee clients of Mrs. Hunt may include anything from lady's maid to "tweenie"

Rather to my surprise, I must admit, Mr. Seccombe said that quite a number of mistresses were rather coy about employing servants who had come from large households for fear that they would be too grand. That seems nonsense. But while discussing old-fashioned servants one must always remember that the modern servant is likely to be a good deal more intelligent than the previous generation. She understands electricity and a certain amount of mechanics, which were a closed book to her predecessors.

In the daily applications for servants, a number of remarkable letters arrive. Here is one from New York, which was filed as a curiosity:

"DEAR MRS. HUNT,—As you always sent us our servants in London, will you please find me a general servant for New York, with the following requirements: Wages £60 a year, rising £10 every two years until £100 is reached. Passage paid, but maid must faithfully promise to remain four years; must expect no afternoons or evenings off; have no friends or relations in America and not try and bring any . . or have anyone visit her. I want her to devote all her time to my home. She must really love children . . . . and faithfully promise never to slap them or speak harshly to them; speak good English and not drop her 'h's' . . . . . Must not be pretty or interested in men or engaged. Must be protestant and not Irish . . . . . No fringe, hair neatly drawn back . . Good teeth, eyesight, and hearing. . . . Good cook and waitress. . . . Help nurse children when they are sick. . . . Do the mending and clean the boots and windows. . . . Absolutely reliable and trustworthy, as I sometimes have to leave the children in her care for a day or two. . . . Must be able to do entire work of house, including washing and ironing. Must be quiet and never answer back, and call me Madam. . . . Not subject to colds. Take children out afternoons and wear a hospital nurse's cloak and bonnet, which she must provide at her own expense. Must promise to stay at least four years and not leave me if offered higher wages by someone else, or ask for more money than agreed upon. . . . Please make it clear that I cannot give her any time off, and do not want one who is pretty or wishes to marry. . . . Must be an early riser, ready for work at six, and always look neat and clean. . . ."

Another from a titled woman in the West of England who asks for a cook; among other points are the printed statements that there are no evenings out at all from one end of the year to the next, and that a fortnight's holiday can be obtained by mutual arrangement. A third letter comes from a widower at Eltham, six weeks after the death of his wife, who wants to marry again, a good cook and housekeeper preferred. Another from a servant in Oxford includes the passage, "I am writing to thank you for securing me this splendid situation. Had it not been for you I should never have met my young man which is one of the best." Mrs. Hunt was justly proud recently on receipt of a letter addressed to "Any good domestic agency in London," and of another addressed "Mrs. Hunt's" *tout court* on the envelope.

TACT AND CONTROL are needed as well as practice in the domestic art by male servants. An unemployed ex-miner from Sunderland could scarcely fill the bill as a waiter or footman, let alone a butler

(Continued on p. 322)

DRILLING a $2\frac{1}{2}$-in. diameter hole to take a Cardox cartridge. A breast type electric drill is used

CARDOX in the form of a long cylindrical cartridge or shell is duly inserted for "explosion"

One of the chief dangers of mining is shot-firing with explosives. A new method of blasting is now being developed, known as "Cardox," which can only be described as a revolution in mining, as it renders unnecessary the use of explosives. Small diameter steel shells or cartridges are used containing compressed carbon dioxide only, a non-inflammable gas, without taste or smell. These shells are in the form of steel tubes, 1 ft. 8 in. to 3 ft. 6 in. long, containing from 12 ozs. to 3 lbs. of the liquefied carbon dioxide according to size, at about 800 to 900 lbs. per square inch pressure. At one end is a firing-cap and at the other a discharge-cap, and inside is a small heater-cage containing a paper tube covering a small amount of free burning chemicals. Included also is a steel closing disc, which has a desired sheer stress of over 10,000 lbs. per square inch. This shell is used on the same lines as an ordinary explosive, a shot-hole being drilled above the coal after undercutting, a "Cardox" shell inserted, the hole tamped with clay, a stalling prop placed in front, and the shell "fired" by means of an ordinary shot-firing cable and an approved type of shot-firing battery. As a result the chemicals in the heater element are ignited and the heat generates sufficient pressure in the liquefied carbon dioxide gas to burst the steel disc, releasing the whole of the gas which "pushes" down the coal in a manner much superior to explosives. There is no objectionable gas, smell, or smoke; coal dust or gas cannot be ignited, and the coal has much less slack, while the lumps are free from shatter cracks, and the roof is not disturbed

AFTERMATH: The expended shell and the large lumps of coal cast down by the action of the Cardox

DISCHARGE: A miner operates the ordinary shot blasting cable by means of a little plunger. Cardox is attended with minimum risk

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BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

In a Class by Itself

C.F.H.

THE "ROCKETER" FELL!

Every CRACK SHOT enjoys
the "odd spot"— *provided it's*

"BLACK & WHITE"

POTTERY SECTION
of "THE SPHERE"

A GROUP IN DERBY CHINA

This, dating from 1765, is after Carle Vanloo, and shows a musician on the left to whose melody the pet monkey of the lady dances

THE ART OF THE POTTER

Some Gems from the Ceramic Galleries
of the Victoria and Albert Museum

At the top left-hand corner is a Chelsea figure of the Gold Anchor period (1760-65) while below is a Negro in Derby Porcelain of a few years later. The plate on the left is Worcester, painted by Thomas Baxter in 1808; that on the right a Nantgarw plate painted in London with a view of Esher Place, dating from 1815-1820; the Adams Blue Jasper Ware Jug of the late eighteenth century is flanked by a Bow Porcelain figure of about 1765, below which is a Spode Porcelain Tureen made for the Prince Regent in the year of Waterloo. Above the Derby Porcelain Punch Pot of 1760 is a Bristol Porcelain figure of 1775; above the Bow Porcelain figure of General Wolfe (1759) to the left is a Derby Porcelain Vase of about 1830. In the top right-hand corner is a Plymouth Porcelain figure symbolical of Europe dating from 1770

SOME EXAMPLES of the MODERN POTTER'S ART

MODERN COLOUR AND FORM—SOME OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF WILKINSON POTTERY

Top left—A banded vase of bold design. *Top centre*—A vase entitled Inspiration Cameo. *Top right*—A vase of blue chintz design. *Middle row, left and centre*—A vegetable dish and dinner plate with an orange band motif and brown edge. *Bottom row*—A bowl of the Orange House Fantasque series. *Bottom right*—Early morning tea-set of Citrus Fruit design

THE VARIED RANGE OF WARES FROM THE POTTERIES OF A. J. RICHARDSON AND CO., LTD.

Top row—Two vases of Arcadian glazes. *On left* are specimen pieces of Meadowsweet design on Regent shape, showing a dinner plate, a salad bowl and servers, a fruit saucer and a tea-cup and saucer. *On right* are specimens of Happy Days design also on Regent shape, showing a dinner plate, a cover-dish, and a tea-cup and saucer. The morning set and coffee set are Gem shape and are executed in a solid, new green ground finished with a black edge

THE GAY WARE OF SUSIE COOPER

The *top left-hand* piece is a matt glaze vase of distinctive design; *the centre* is a flower jug of the same glazing; while *on right* is the "Kestrel" jug in acorn pattern. The square candlestick shows turquoise jade matt glaze. The other items—a dinner plate, a teapot (also "Kestrel"), a handled beaker, a grapefruit holder and a three-piece condiment set—are also of acorn pattern

RICHNESS AND SIMPLICITY IN CROWN DEVON. S. FIELDING AND CO., LTD.

The *top left-hand* piece is a vase in Matta jade with a black exotic bird of Chinese design finished with ruby lustre. *On right* is a plaque in mottled ruby with blue, orange, and yellow floral design and birds of paradise; the flower-bowl and bird is in matt glaze with a floral design on a green ground; the teapot, dinner plate and morning set are in checks, the first two in green and the last-named in blue

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13/11

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Egg Set	5/11
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Vases, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6	
Bowls, round and octagonal, 6/11, 7/11, 9 11	
Biscuit Barrels	10/6
Covered Butter Dishes ...	5/11
Preserve Jars	5/11
Candlesticks	5/11
Muffin Dishes	7/6
Toast Racks ...	3/11, 5/6

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THE LAUGHTER OF DULCINEA: Mlle Loiseau, renamed by Herr Pabst Mlle Renée Valliers, mocks the Knight of the Doleful Countenance when he is brought home in a cage

THE PEASANT PRINCESS: Mlle Renée Valliers as the Dulcinea whom Quixote invests with imaginary royalty

On left—"THE HOLLOW CHEEKS, THE FORKED BEARD": Chaliapin in his superb character study, and Pabst the director

CHALIAPIN on His Film Debut as Don Quixote

Feodor Chaliapin, the great Russian bass, left Paris on Saturday, November 5, in order to sail on the *Bremen* (carrying also Lotte Lehmann, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi on board) to fulfil a contract of a two months' concert and operatic tour all over America. On Friday, before leaving, he gave an intimate reception to a few friends and a small group of newspapermen, speaking between sandwich, cocktail, and whisky, on his impressions and experiences during his filming in the new *Don Quixote*—the film directed by G. W. Pabst on the Côte d'Azur.

In fact, he stated, this was not quite the first time that he played in a film. He had already played the hero of a film dealing with the life-story of Ivan the Terrible, many years ago, when filming was in its infant days—a film turned out by a group of Russian pioneers in the outskirts of Moscow. How different was that filming from this in 1932! In *Ivan the Terrible* every scene was rehearsed and recorded once only; in *Don Quixote* the different scenes were repeated several times, not only on account of the French and English versions, but to be sure to obtain the best possible pictures and to co-ordinate the performance of the various animals engaged, which did not always carry out Pabst's orders quite satisfactorily. The necessary big flock of sheep could not possibly be acquired on the whole Côte d'Azur, and Pabst had to get them brought from somewhere in the hinterland of Marseilles. To obtain the right pictures in this film was extremely difficult; everything had to be prepared most carefully in advance, but despite all precautions many pictures were spoiled by the mistakes of the actors, by the animals, by a sudden windstorm bringing dust clouds to the camera, and by numberless other unforeseen events.

On left—SANCHO PANZA *alias* George Robey with Mr. John Farrow

AN UNOFFICIAL BUT QUIXOTIC ACT: M. Chaliapin sprays Rosinante to keep off the flies while Robey and Dorville, the two Sanchos, look on

Chaliapin never thought that filming would be such a tiresome business! Many of the scenes were made at night, some of them between 3–4 a.m. It was not easy for him to sing in such "impossible" hours, although he used to do so sometimes, when young, in the circle of gay friends in private society or in a small café. But here, in the open air, accompanied by the sound of the murmuring sea and the stormy wind, it took some time until he got accustomed to it. His fiery temperament, so much admired and praised on the stage, had to be considerably controlled, as the film-camera can use no hasty movements and many scenes had to be repeated on account of his *trop de zèle*. To keep his hands from covering the face on the stage never before caused him the slightest trouble, but in front of the camera he had to learn to control his gestures far more than in the other medium. The English and French pronunciation for him, a Russian, was another difficulty; although he speaks both languages the pronunciation of proper names was not easy; then, again, the English and the French humour are so diverse; both need quite different ways of speaking and acting. And to combat all these unexpected difficulties so little time was available. Sometimes he received two pages with typewritten text and was expected to act the part right away.

Chaliapin could not praise highly enough the splendid acting of all his partners, specially emphasizing George Robey, whose Sancho Panza he says is magnificent. Finally, he confessed, the most enjoyable part of his filming experiences were the delightful scenes he had to play with the Dulcinea, Mlle Renée Valliers, the charming discovery of Pabst. "All of us," he said, "did work hard, but the work of Mr. Pabst was superhuman!"

When the day's—or night's—tiring work terminated and everyone rushed home to enjoy a well-deserved sleep, Pabst, sometimes accompanied by Paul Morand, went into the projection-room and began a piece of important organization, co-ordinating the day's work, cutting, joining, projecting again and again and preparing the next day's programme.

Cervantes' book, as it is, contains of course far too many episodes to be apt for use as a cinema scenario, therefore Paul Morand and G. W. Pabst selected those which seemed most important and amusing, put them together in logical order, with a progression in the effect towards a climax. This scenario underwent several changes, before, during, and even after the course of filming, and its definite form involved many sleepless nights and necessitated strong nerves and endless patience.

According to Chaliapin the success of the new *Don Quixote* film will be due to the immense popularity of the story—Cervantes' book is, after the Bible, the most widely printed book in the world—but independently of that, one may say that Pabst with his "all-star" cast is a guarantee for the *Don Quixote* film being one of the most remarkable pictures ever made.

F. C. F.

PLAYS

By PHILIP PAGE

THE HAUT MONDE: Lord Trench (Mr. Athole Stewart), Lord Redwood (Mr. Kynaston Reeves), and Lady Redwood (Miss Viola Tree) in *Never Come Back* at the Phœnix

IN THE NEW LONSDALE PLAY: Smith (Mr. Raymond Massey) and Mary Linkley (Miss Adrianne Allen) in the amusing comedy at the Phœnix

HANDCUFFS FOR TWO: Smith (Mr. Raymond Massey) and Rolls (Mr. Frank Allenby) in the expectedly cynical Lonsdale comedy delighting the stalls of the Phœnix

"NEVER COME BACK" at the PHŒNIX

To produce a play with but four characters and no change of scene must be a well-nigh irresistible temptation in these days of stringent economy, if it has any merit about it at all. Mr. Benn Levy has obviously gambolled with such lamb-like joy while writing his airy trifle now to be seen at the Apollo Theatre that I suggest that "Springtime for Levy" would be no inappropriate title.

Springtime for Henry, however, it is, and such it will probably be for a considerable time. For it has humour of that highly artificial type considered, with reason, suitable for a sophisticated and post-War world.

So much attention was given after the initial performance to the fact that (a) Mr. Ronald Squire accidentally hurled, the moment he was first seen on the stage, some kind of missile into the audience, and that (b) part of the audience subsequently hurled missiles at Mr. Squire in the form of uncomplimentary descriptions of the play, that the author's wit hardly had a fair consideration.

Undoubtedly Mr. Levy can be witty. His *This Woman Business* (a better play than this) was full of real wit. Of real wit *Springtime for Henry* has a smattering, and of near-wit quite a large amount, presented with sufficient skill to pass for the real thing. And that in the theatre is a useful achievement.

In a highly artificial comedy of manners, by which I mean bad manners, artificial wit is nearly as good as any other. If the lambishness of Mr. Levy is merely Canterbury lamb, it furnishes, at any rate, an adequate meal and the cooking is good. The author's fault is a failure to realize that a genuine joke will stand plenty of wear and tear, while a sham joke can be used once only if the poverty of the material is not to be revealed.

The somewhat raffish mood of the little play was of a piece with it. Really, it was naughty. Yet the gallery's attitude as a castigator of stage immoralities, while the stalls and circle laughed loud and long, I found a curious novelty. For the steam-whistle shriek, due to the enjoyable shock produced by a daring line or a double meaning, has for years been the significant prerogative of those acute minds near the theatre ceiling.

What was shocking in *Springtime for Henry* was the assumption that a man may become the lover of his friend's wife so long as he never forgets the public-school spirit. In the highly improbable event of Mr. Galsworthy writing a smutty farce, this is just the sort of farce he would write. But while Mr. Galsworthy can make this spirit unconsciously amusing, Mr. Levy, enormously helped by Mr. Nigel Bruce, makes it consciously so, yet with an air of deadly seriousness preserved by his players.

That is why I call this, proper or improper, a first-rate farce. The amorous middle-aged bachelor who, having seduced his friend's wife, is "reformed" by a pretty secretary until he is so exasperated that he returns to the married woman, serves well enough as a theme. There is impish humour in making Miss Joan Barry, devastatingly and demurely blonde, reveal that she had shot her husband. Miss Barry, murderess, is a new aspect of romance—and, incidentally, a clever piece of work by Miss Barry, actress. Miss Isabel Jeans was equally cattish and equally admirable.

Mr. Squire carried the thing along with easy grace, even when in Act III he had to be broadly farcical, with a bowler hat, an eiderdown, and a cold in the head. The fun survived even with such impedimenta.

Mr. Nigel Bruce, who was in the cast in America, gave us the best performance of his career—playing a large bovine person of impeccable breeding and no humour.

Springtime for Henry is quite good entertainment. But not for fools or for prudes and, apparently, not for galleries.

FOUR ACES, HELD BY A QUEEN, most amusing incidents in *Never Come Back*.

At the Cambridge Theatre on the first night of the Guitry season I met quite a number of people who had turned up expecting *La Jalousie* to be a version of that gloomy drama *à deux*, *Jealousy*, in which Miss Mary Newcomb scored a success not long ago.

It is, of course, nothing of the sort, but a trifle as light as *Springtime for Henry* and as little concerned with morals.

Bernard Shaw once said that marital infidelity was the dullest of dramatic themes. But what would you? Surely it depends on who takes the job in hand. Mr. Levy does it quite well. M. Guitry, though this is far from being his best play, does it supremely well.

Here, again, we have the married woman in the arms of her husband's friend. In this case she had been forced there because her husband had so long suspected her without any real grounds. That reason does not convince me, but it is "good theatre." When the wife confesses, the husband, contrariwise, refuses to believe her. The close of the play is complicated by discussions about the bestowal of the Legion of Honour, which an English audience can take even less seriously than M. Guitry intends any audience to take them.

I do not pretend that I grasped every syllable spoken by M. Guitry and his excellent company. Sentences flashed by like telegraph poles when one is in an express train; for the piece was played at break-tongue speed, and the acoustic properties of the theatre did not seem to be of the best so far as they concerned the stall in which I sat.

But so exquisite is our Sacha as an actor that the play would have been intelligible had he been speaking Chinese; and it is much easier even for those wholly ignorant of French to understand him than it is to construe the strange English of the programme synopsis.

Mlle Renaud played the wife—a blonde comedienne who radiates charm and intelligence. Although pronounced as Mlle. Yvonne Printemps's

'SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP": Mr. Richard Walker as Bill Bobstay, and Miss Dorothy Gill as Mrs. Cripps

Above — "HARD Leslie Rands as Miss Muriel Dick

"H.M.S. PINAFORE" at

The Raffish Wit of Mr. Levy: The Marital Jealousy from M. Guitry: Wolf, Wolf! Hungary and Belasco

BEAT FOUR KINGS: One of the the new Frederick Lonsdale play, at the Phœnix

successor, Mlle Delubac had opportunity to register only charm, for she was given a minor rôle in which intelligence was called for in but a small quantity.

Invariably do I find that play-producing societies of "intellectual eminence and scholarship divine" have strange ideas as to what is funny and no idea at all of what is a good play.

During the long period I had to wait between the time *The Werewolf* at the Kingsway Theatre was supposed to start and the time it actually did start, I studied with due reverence the names on the programme of the Advisory Committee of the Independent Theatre Club. Had I not known them to be proclaimed widely as Great Souls I should have declared any committee advising the production of such a play as this to be certifiable.

The policy appears to be that so long as a play is by a foreign author and gets on the wrong side of the Censor it must be beyond question a masterpiece.

An official of the club came before the curtain as the ordeal was about to start and told us that although the membership of the Independent Theatre Club is increasing, the members do not attend the theatre in sufficient numbers. Such must be the effect of crying *Were Wolf*.

The play, translated from the original of Rudolph Lothar, is dreary twaddle about spiritualism and astral bodies. I had a notion at times that it was striving to be *macabre*. Some scenes were obviously meant to be funny. Nothing, however, was achieved beyond sheer puerility, with production methods to match.

The players—capable, all of them—did their best in most distressing circumstances.

THE GRIMMEST PLAY IN LONDON: The placid provincial tea-table in the garden round which tragedy on tragedy rear their hideous and successive heads

I have a quite unreasoning prejudice against (i), animals and children on the stage, and (ii), plays from the Hungarian.

There are no animals or children in *To-night or Never*, the new play at the Duke of York's, though there is a *prima donna*—and such women are given to behaving like both. But it is from the Hungarian and it carries with it a sort of blessing from the late David Belasco. No further explanation of it, therefore, is really necessary.

I will, however, be more explicit. It is a piece of sheer "theatre" and not very convincing theatre at that. But it is superior to most of its Hungarian companions, and after a soporifically dull first act, starts to move in a fairly entertaining way.

It is based on what I venture to consider is faulty psychology, for it holds to the theory that a bad actress can be made into a good one, and a singer with a cold voice can be turned into a singer with a warm one by the simple process of letting something exciting happen to her in her private life.

That is wholly wrong. The art of acting is a mixture of skill and the amount of natural ability for the job with which one happens to have been born. I have known mediocre actresses undergo the most appalling experiences and the most delirious joys without their ceasing to be mediocre.

To attribute improvement in histrionic ability to a private catastrophe, from the death of one's beloved to the bursting of the kitchen stove, or to a private joy, from the realization of amorous bliss to backing a winner in the 3.30, is mightily picturesque; but it is not borne out by facts. I will bet any potential correspondent any reasonable amount that he or she will never be able to produce an authentic instance of this thing ever having happened. Except, of course, on the stage, where it has formed the foundation of quite a number of plays of varying degrees of tedium.

"DON'T YOU LIKE ME?" Mr. W. Cronin Wilson and Miss Marjorie Mars play a poignant scene of love and revulsion in Somerset Maugham's defeatist play

To-night or Never shows us an American prima donna with a lovely voice but a frigid soul having a lesson with her devoted old music-teacher, who *tells* her that her soul is frigid. Meanwhile a human warming-pan is walking up and down outside her window, and so interested in him does she become that she goes to his hotel suite late at night. He is living there with a rouged and wigged old harridan old enough to be his mother and he seems to be the super-perfect *gigolo*.

The prima donna does not mind that, is most persistent, and insists on having that frigidity cured by a method which, in spite of the dropping of the curtain, leaves but little to the imagination.

But of course so gallant a hero as Mr. Basil Rathbone could not be allowed really to be playing a *gigolo*, particularly as he has returned after ten years in America. So Act III shows him as a famous manager of grand opera and the prima donna and himself engaged to be married.

The explaining away of the old harridan was not convincing. She is, we are told, his aunt. But young men do not live in hotels with their aunts, and if they do, they do not give them endearing good-night embraces and "sweeten" their liqueur brandy with kisses. And (again) if they do, they should not.

Miss Peggy Wood played the prima donna with an experienced touch and sang very well indeed some bits from *La Tosca*. Indeed, so far responsible was *vissi d'arte* for a favourable reception that the ghost of Puccini should have taken a call.

LY EVER": Mr. Corcoran and son as Josephine

"WITH BATED BREATH": Miss Muriel Dickson as Josephine and Miss Marjorie Eyre as Hebe

the SAVOY THEATRE

The annual stirring up of that well-stirred pot, coinciding with the stirring of the Christmas pudding, to be embellished with jokes as blue as may be and quips topical to the point of anachronism—for only adults, it is said, go to pantomime in these days—is now going on apace from, roughly, John o' Groats to Land's End and, more accurately, from *Cinderella* to *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Pantomime is claiming more and more genuine stars from the legitimate stage as well as the accepted grotesques who might be expected to fill such engagements. Most notable among them this year are Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Fay Compton, who will embellish the *Dick Whittington* at the London Hippodrome, Miss Marie Burke who will play the principal boy in *Mother Goose* at Manchester, Miss Eve Grey and Mr. G. S. Melvin who will be seen in *The Sleeping Beauty* at Liverpool, and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, who is the Dame in *Dick Whittington* at Birmingham.

"FOR SERVICES RENDERED" at the GLOBE

"I HATE THE FILTHY GAME": Miss Flora Robson in a tense scene with Mr. Cedric Hardwicke; the broken-hearted sister and the war-blinded brother

MISS MURIEL HINE, who has gone from strength to strength in her sequel

PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO, whose biography of Lord Thomson is reviewed below

BOOKS

Defeatism from Germany: No Adjectives from Latin America: Too Many About Lord Thomson: A Superb Sequel

By CECIL ROBERTS

When in Paris this last summer I found myself in the Avenue Hoche, stranded between two engagements, with an interval of some two hours on my hands. Looking around me I saw that first refuge of an idle mind, a cinema. Well, I could sit there in warmth and comfort for two hours, and even doze if I wish, for the illumination of picture houses, which slowly grows or diminishes between each picture, while ostensibly designed to provide lovers with a "releasing" period after the enraptured darkness, also allows the dozer to regain a position of dignity.

But I was not destined to doze. The cinema for some strange reason seemed to be full of small boys, little French boys with their *bonnes* or mothers. It was holiday time, and they were very gay and full of chatter as they waited for the picture to begin, and if there is any music more delightful than the sound of children's voices speaking French, I have yet to hear it. When the picture commenced—it was called *Emil und der Detektive*—the presence of the small boys was explained.

This was a German film which told the story of a German boy who left his native village to visit his grandmother in Berlin. He was given a small sum of money for her. But in the train a rascally fellow drugged the boy with sweets and robbed him. Emil, waking in time, tracked the thief to his hotel, and then enlisted the aid of a gang of street urchins, who, playing the detective game, made the thief's life a misery, until finally, at Emil's instigation, he was taken by the police. It transpired that he was wanted for forgery, and a reward had been offered for his arrest. So we see the little Emil, returning to his native village, rich and famous. He returned, as all up-to-date boys would long to, in an aeroplane, and was welcomed on the village green by a typical German band playing in his honour.

The film enchanted me and I cannot think why it has not been shown in England. With almost foolish faith I procured a copy of the novel, written by Erich Kästner, knowing well that films never bear much resemblance to the books from which they are derived. And since I had enjoyed the film version so much, it seemed highly improbable that I should find the book entertaining. But in this case the honours were shared by film and book. I found it delightful. With what eager anticipation, therefore, I pounced upon *Fabian*, by Erich Kästner (Cape. 7s. 6d.). I was not surprised to see that 25,000 copies of this story had been sold in Germany. I settled down to an evening's enjoyment.

We are a curious and maddening people. At eleven o'clock, in the Café Royal the other evening, I was told that unless I swallowed my whole glass of lager within the next two minutes it would be taken away from me, it then being two minutes to eleven. But if I ordered a sandwich I could drink my lager decently and leisurely. At seven o'clock that same evening I had been told by a chemist in Piccadilly that I could not purchase a tube of tooth-paste, but that I could have almost any drug of a medicinal nature. We have a censorship in this country, and when a sensational journalist, with an infallible nose for literary garbage, smelt out *The Well of Loneliness*, the Home Secretary instituted some disgraceful police-court proceedings, and eminent authors who had gathered in court were not allowed to say a good word for a book that was neither rubbish nor pornographic.

I think I begin to understand English law. While a faint suspicion of psychological abnormality will send journalists and magistrates into the hysterics of speechless disgust, the novelist may indulge in any description or examination of normal vice. We are told that *Fabian* is the story of a moralist. However this may be, the book is a series of brothel scenes, which for detail and frankness make the late D. H. Lawrence look like an anæmic amateur in the underworld of literature. For the moment we seemed inundated with the literature of defeatism and decadence. That may be a phase which owes something to our economic crisis, though these works generally proceed from writers well-established in the Mediterranean sun, with successful reputations and adequate private means. But I have often observed that the further a man is from the poverty line the more disastrous seems a drop in his 5 per cents.

Herr Kästner's *Fabian* is a book of unmitigated gloom and of insatiable vice. The only cheerful note in this repellent history of a despairing debauchee occurs in the last paragraph in which he jumps in the river to save a child and, happily, is drowned. But I cannot think that to achieve this felicitous end Herr Kästner is justified in dragging us round all the brothels of Berlin and, under the plea of fidelity to life, showing us only one small—and that the lowest—aspect of it.

I can understand the large sale of this book. A well-known German critic says of this book, "A rare and poignant achievement, which depicts with the utmost accuracy Germany's domestic situation." The book is not rare, it is not poignant, it certainly is not an achievement and, knowing Berlin as I do, I wholly deny that it is an accurate picture of any section of German life.

Herr Kästner reminds me of those respectably dressed young men who are to be seen dropping their pennies into a spectroscope, their eyes glued to a succession of nude studies of inaccessible ladies. Herr Kästner, intent upon his feast, is unaware of the decent day around him. I do not wonder at this. Writers of this kind have frequently taken the road of prostitution and found it to be the avenue to success. What I do wonder at is that a mind which gave us the delightful clean adventure of boyhood in *Emil und der Detektive* could turn from a medium of porcelain to mud.

Mr. Philip Guedalla, having conducted a party of undergraduates to South America to receive the generous hospitality of the Argentine, has now written a book about it. He is incapable of writing a dull book, but he has tried in *Argentine Tango* (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) to make bricks without straw. It is his own fault, for there was plenty of straw, and he deliberately rejects it in order to show his cleverness. At the outset he says—"Of all the perils by which writers on travel are beset—anacondas, tidal waves, yellow fever, act of God, and King's enemies—there is not the slightest doubt that adjectives are by far the worst." And disdaining adjectives, he thereby renders himself incapable of describing the country he has seen.

It is true that writers of travel books must use adjectives. There is nothing wrong in that, providing the selection of them is judicious. One might just as well complain that of all the perils by which writers on travel are beset, the desire to write is the worst. Mr. Guedalla strikes an original attitude in his disdain, but he remains only a juggler who refuses to juggle, and for that reason I found his performance a little tedious. No man can be more slick at fetching the adjectival rabbit out of the wastepaper basket. In *Argentine Tango* he draws back his sleeves, and produces nothing.

But no, let me be just. It is not in Mr. Guedalla to tie his own hands completely. Stripped to a bathing suit he would still find a pocket to pick and delight an expectant audience. He has his own magic for calling up "the spaciousness of ministerial rooms in Buenos Aires, those sublime apartments where ministers in cloth-topped boots sit beneath chandeliers beyond belief. At the far end of an immense perspective a tiny figure rises from its desk and makes welcoming gestures barely distinguishable across an intervening ocean of expensive carpet." Since this is an interior scene Mr. Guedalla allows himself adjectives. I do not begrudge him one of them and I can only lament that he has not allowed himself equal liberty out of doors. He dubs M. Paul Morand "a literary Lindbergh," and rightly charges him with having his intellect chained to Paris, but is he any more tantalizing than Mr. Guedalla who, through a phase of rich travel, deplores the necessity of description? I think those nine young men who were fortunate enough to travel with Mr. Guedalla had the feast, and his readers have only the skeleton.

The career of Lord Thomson of Cardington offers the richest material to his biographer. He had a full and varied existence, and his merits were assured of recognition by a fortunate friendship with the Prime Minister of Great Britain. An attaché, he saw much of the intrigues of the Allies in Rumania and Russia, and proved himself an able soldier in the East. There followed a political phase, and then, after Cabinet rank and a peerage, there came his death at an early age in the *R 101* disaster.

In her book, *Lord Thomson of Cardington*, (Cape. 7s. 6d.), Princess Marthe Bibesco disdains the usual manner of the biography. She unfortunately writes in a highly melodramatic fashion and dramatizes the smallest incidents and provides an Eschylean chorus. When the Princess forgets this high rôle she can write simply and impressively. Referring to the political phase she observes: "The life he lived at this period must have been desolating for a man determined to love his neighbour. He lodged in furnished rooms, and had a landlady who was a furious Conservative. At meals his companions were an ornithologist and an old retired officer. Doubt was thrown on the sincerity of his opinions; his civilian clothes, though old, were of a cut that was calculated to deceive nobody." Princess Bibesco was an intimate friend of her subject. She seems to have been a little afraid that she would not do justice to Lord Thomson, and her anxiety has resulted in an overstressing and an overdressing of her narrative. Even so, it is a book of continuous and vivid interest.

Sequels are dangerous things. They presuppose in the reader a good memory, and tiresome characters are an unconscionable time dying. But this criticism does not apply to Miss Muriel Hine's second part of the story that she began in *Wild Rye*. In *Jenny Rorke* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) she gives us a richly-woven story that stands on its own feet. We meet the delightful Jenny Rorke again, settled in a harbour of peace after that troublesome episode with the worthless Thad, and we follow her through the gathering years in which Life reconciles her to a renunciation and brings her to philosophic content in contemplating a dead love. Not that this is by any means a gloomy book. In her absolute fidelity to truth Miss Muriel Hine has been as courageous as the fine artist must be.

So much for the outline. To mention only this would be to miss the more important and delectable aspect of her story. What a glowing, sunlit gift for our dull day this story is! The luscious Italian scene glows in all its colours; fire and warmth pervade the reader as much as the characters. Miss Muriel Hine is at her very best in this drama in sunshine, and she concludes Jenny's epic with a masterly analysis of human folly and Time's antidote for youth's lost illusions. On that quiet Italian hillside, now owner of the farm that has engrossed her, she can look with detachment at the final wreckage of the man who shattered her own youth, can look at him in the spirit of forgiveness, and with no regret. It is an end lovely as an Italian sunset.

Books can be killed by unfortunate titles. I hope that *Leap-Home and Gentlebrawn*, by Freida Hauswirth Das (Dent. 7s. 6d.), will not be killed by its name. One hesitates and yet seems compelled to use the word "genius" in appraising this book. If it invites comparison with Kipling at his best the comparison can be made without injury to Mrs. Das. It is an animal story; it tells us of Gentlebrawn, the monkey of the Hanuman tribe, of his wife, Chatterjoy, of their timid child, Leap-Home. Mrs. Das has a profound knowledge of the monkey tribe, and absolute assurance in the Indian scene. The end of the story, the death of Leap-Home, and the yogi to whom he became attached is a piece of masterly and poignant writing. This book should become a classic among jungle stories.

The other evening at a dinner party I found myself sitting *vis-à-vis* a poet who had renounced poetry. Can a man, once called, deny the voice that moved him. I ask this when reading the provocative renunciatory preface that Mr. Clifford Bax has written to a collection of his poems, *Farewell, my Muse* (Lovat Dickson. 8s. 6d.). Mr. Bax believes the age of poetry is dead. He subscribes to Macaulay's dictum that "as civilization advances poetry

(Continued on p. 322)

BOOKS TO READ

THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE, by J. Gordon Hayes (Butterworth. 18s.).

CHINA: THE PITY OF IT, by J. O. P. Bland (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.).

SAMUEL BUTLER, by Clara G. Stillman (Secker. 16s.).

CHARACTERISTICS OF FRENCH ART, by Roger Fry (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.).

ST. HELENA JOURNAL OF GEN. GOURGAUD (Bodley Head. 15s.).

DEATH COMETH SOON OR LATE, by J. A. Mollison (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.).

WHEN SHIPS GO DOWN, by David Masters (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.).

AN EYE FOR A HORSE, by Lieut.-Colonel Sidney Goldschmidt (Constable. 10s.).

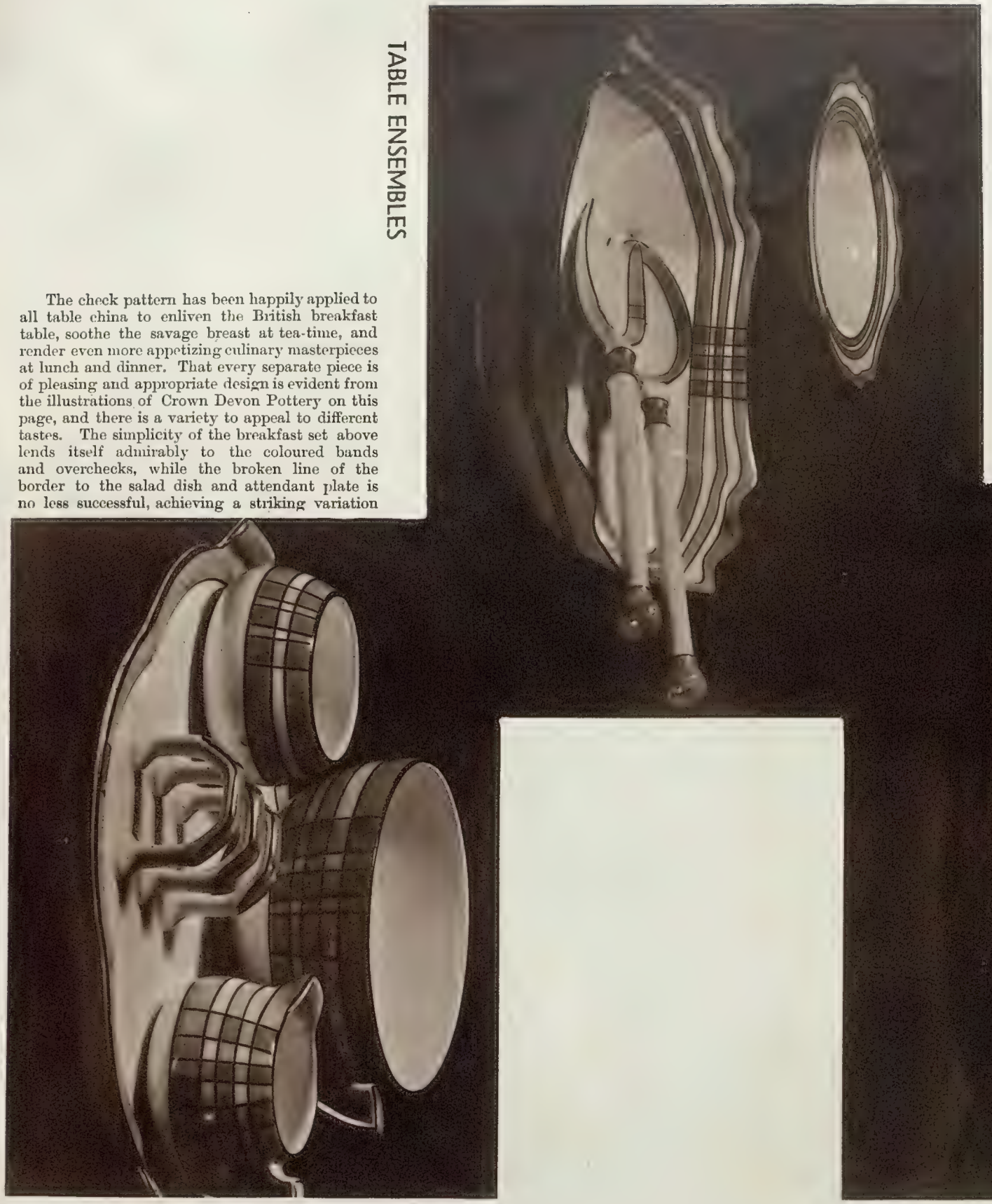
RECAPTURE: CLEMENCE DANE OMNIBUS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.).

POTTERY

At Burslem, William Moorcroft's beautiful designs find tangible expression. These vases of cream glaze — from Liberty's — exemplify simple perfection of form, while Moorcroft Rouge Flambe ware, with its rich colouring and decoration of luxuriant autumnal foliage, has been compared by Baron Hayashi with Chinese pottery of the best periods. The lovely vine-wreathed bowl below is from the famous house of Wedgwood

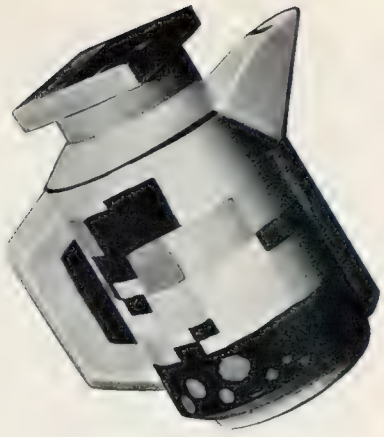
TABLE ENSEMBLES

CHECKS



The check pattern has been happily applied to all table china to enliven the British breakfast table, soothe the savage breast at tea-time, and render even more appetizing culinary masterpieces at lunch and dinner. That every separate piece is of pleasing and appropriate design is evident from the illustrations of Crown Devon Pottery on this page, and there is a variety to appeal to different tastes. The simplicity of the breakfast set above lends itself admirably to the coloured bands and overchecks, while the broken line of the border to the salad dish and attendant plate is no less successful, achieving a striking variation

An admirable and distinctive note, sympathetic to the modern feeling for simplicity and appropriate to decorative schemes, is struck by the check design used by Messrs. Fielding and Company at the Crown Devon Pottery. The checks appear in fresh clear shades of yellow, blue, green, and rose on a fine white-glazed surface. Both Her Majesty the Queen and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York have purchased sets of check china. This tableware is obtainable with matching Irish linen cloths



Burslem's Best

The attractive vases of Florentine design on the left are from Burgess and Leigh; and the "Susie Cooper" coffee set below comes from the Crown Works, Burslem

Red and black enliven cream Newport pottery. The china from John Maddock and Son, at the bottom of the page, is executed in their fascinating Cairo design

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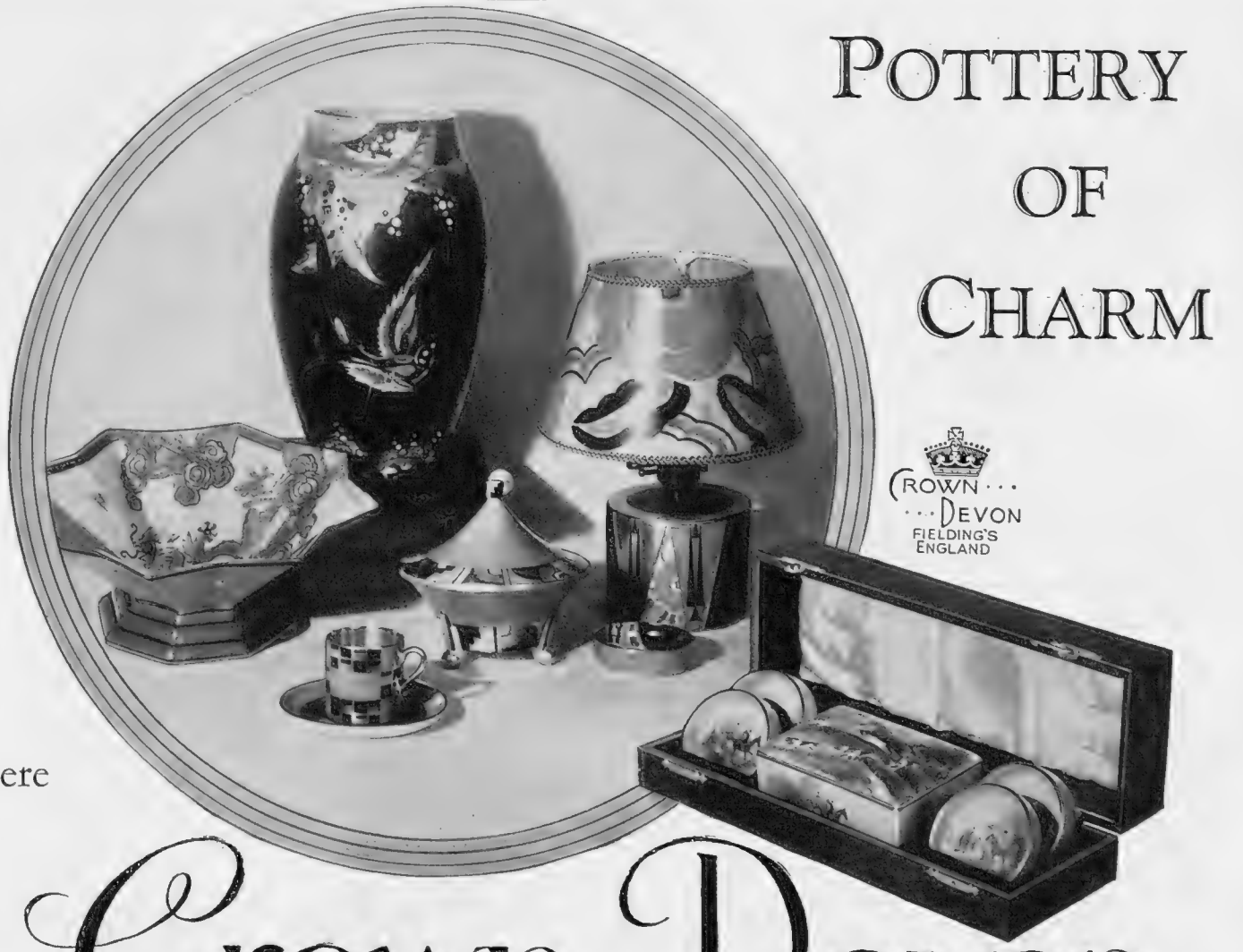

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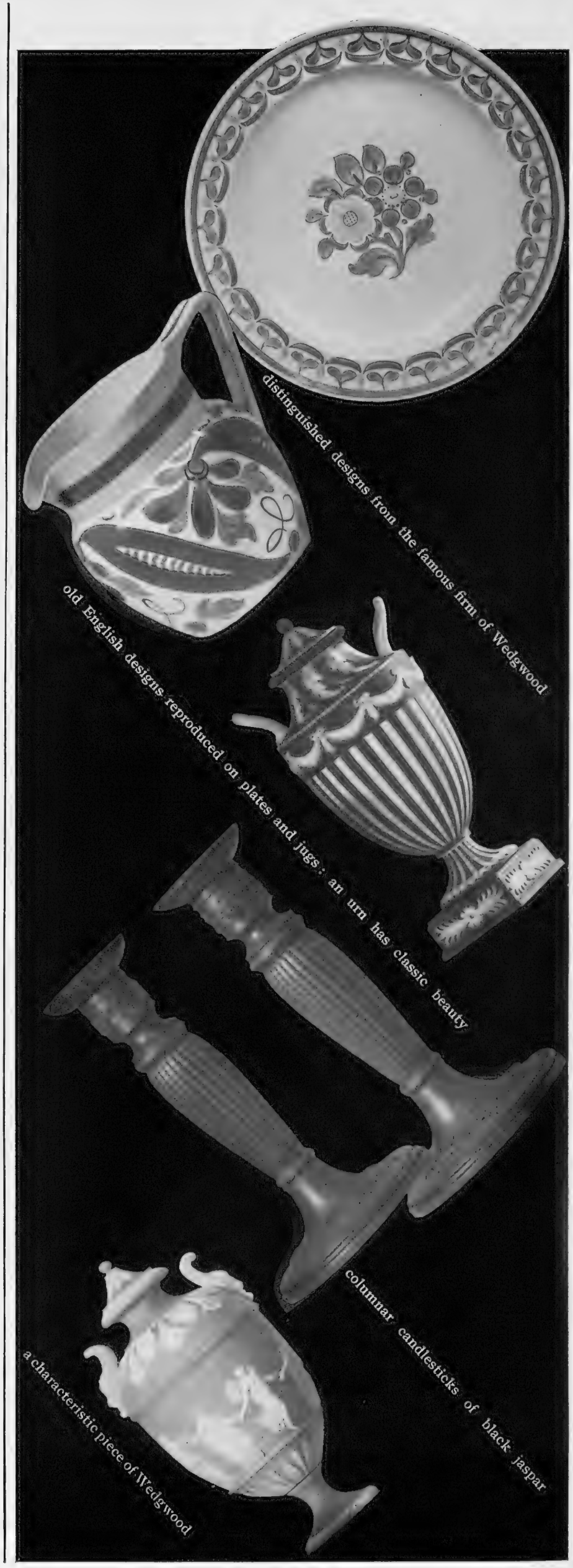

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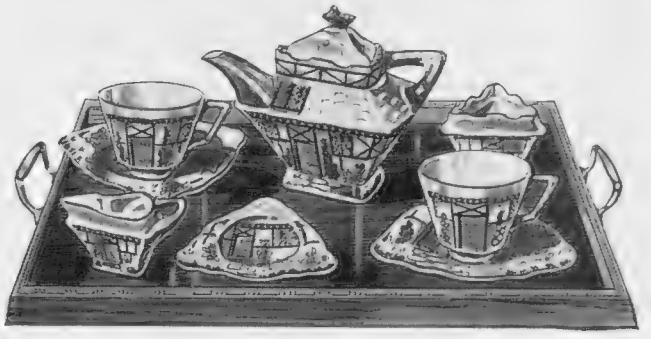

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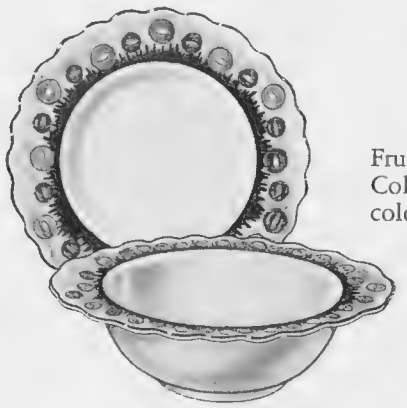
Early Morning Tea Set

Bright and gay for breakfast in bed. 'Old Homestead' design in rich bright colourings.

The Set 13/9

(Tray 3/9 extra)



Dessert Service

Fruit Dish and 6 Plates. Coloured border in mixed colourings of Black, Green and Yellow — with Red and Blue colouring in relief.

Set of Seven Pieces 11/3

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A wonderful selection of decorative Flower Vases and Bowls in rich multi-coloured Glazes with predominating tones of Blue, Brown and Red. Perfect with modern furnishings. A variety of attractive shapes.

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8 ins. high **8/3**
9 ins. high **11/3**

No. 2. 8 ins. high **7/3**
10 ins. high **12/3**
12 ins. high **14/6**

No. 3. 6 ins. high **3/3**

No. 4. 7 ins. high **5/9**
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5 BULB BOWL 7½ ins. diam. **7/3**

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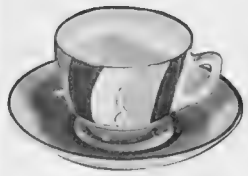
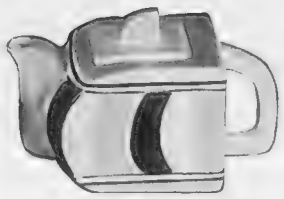
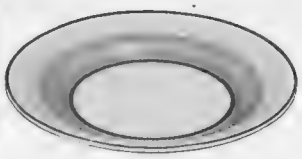


All the ware illustrated in this Pottery Number can be purchased at any of Lawleys' branches

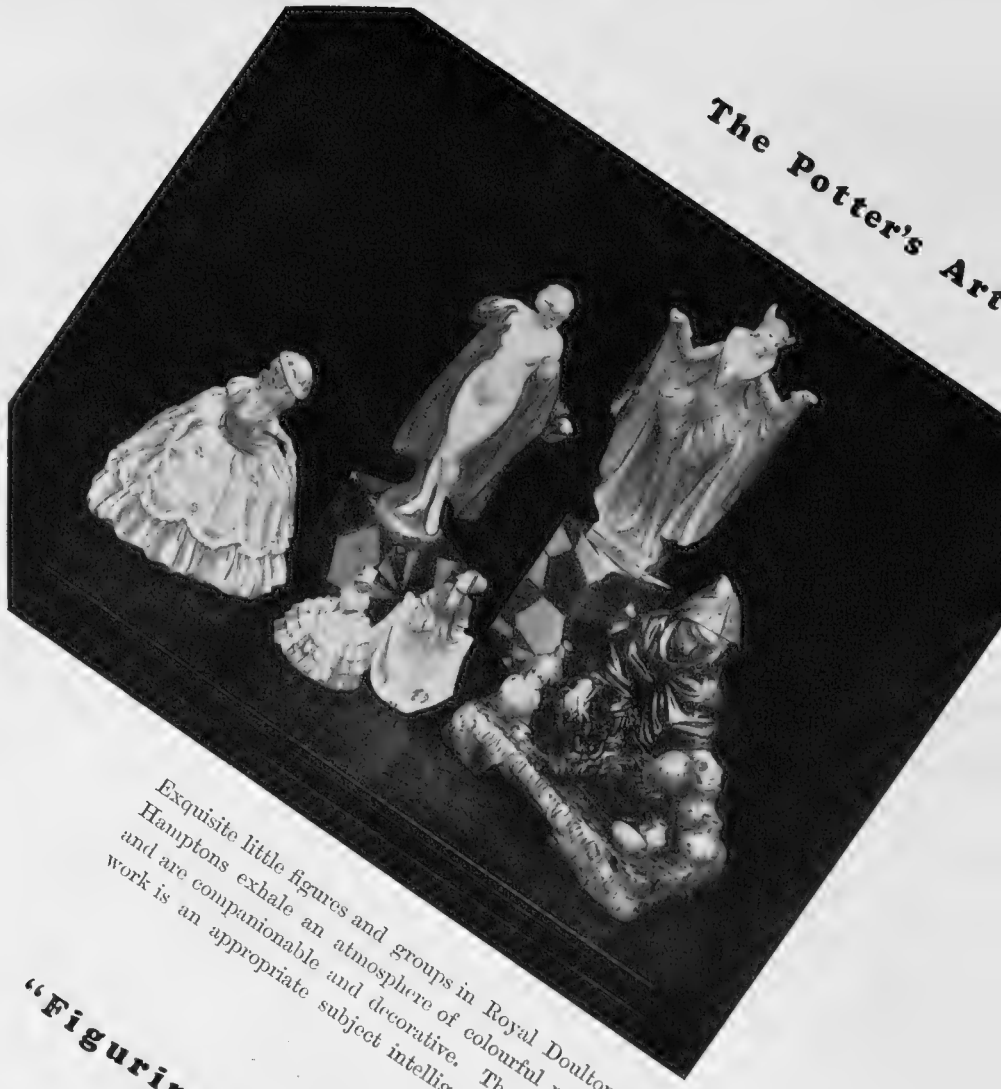


This old-established store with headquarters in Regent Street is holding special displays to synchronize with the production of this issue



The charming examples of this hand-painted pottery shown here, sponsored by the film star and actress, Edna Best, are from Lawleys

The Potter's Art



Exquisite little figures and groups in Royal Doulton at Hamptons exhale an atmosphere of colourful romance and are companionable and decorative. The Potter at work is an appropriate subject intelligently portrayed

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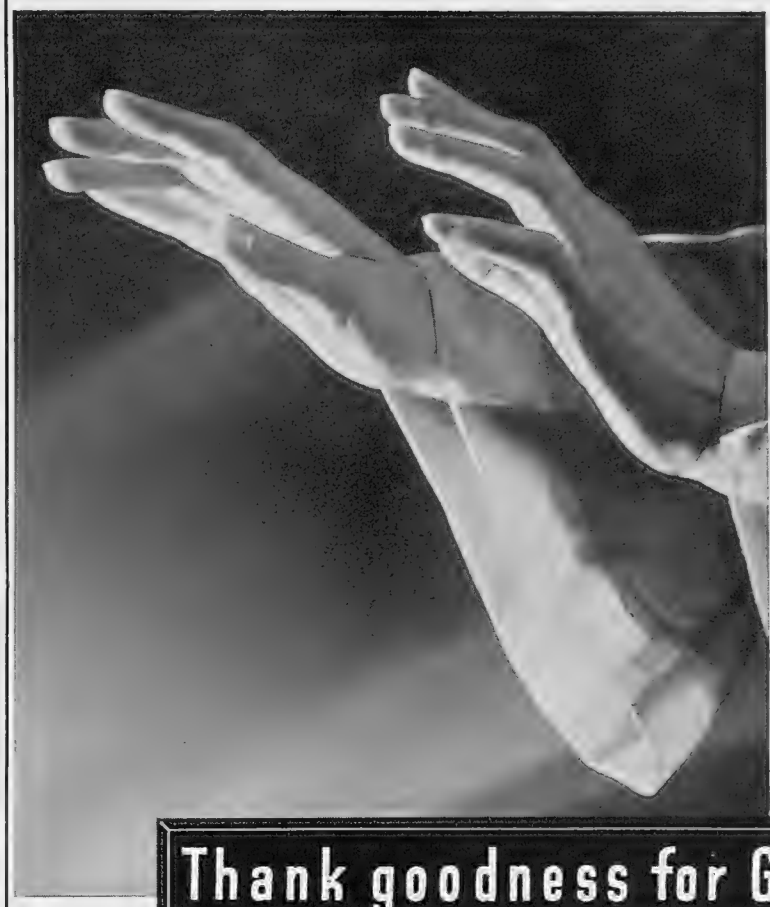
● *The group above shews (left to right)—"Butterfly Girl," 6½" high,* **22/6.** *"Babette," 5¼" high,* **17/6.** *"Patricia," 8½" high,* **33/-.** *"Dulcinia," 5½" × 5½",* **42/-.**

● *The group above shews (left to right)—"Butterfly Girl," 6½" high,* **22/6.** *"Orange Seller," 7½" high,* **33/-.** *"Priscilla," 8" high,* **37/6.** *"Balloon Seller," 8¾" high,* **27/-.** *"Old Balloon Seller," 7" high,* **27/-,** *and in the foreground, "Babette," 5¼" high,* **17/6.** *"The Gossips," 6½" × 5",* **67/6.**

You are welcome to roam at leisure through Hamptons beautiful Galleries and Salons.

CVS—169



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Cup with a Theme

"Dolly Varden" is the heroine of this tea-time romance. She is "starred" in the decorative design upon the traditional form sponsored by Messrs. Mayer and Sherratt, which is another of its attractions

And a Title

Feminine Form Divine

"Words were given women to conceal their thoughts; clothes, to reveal their figures"; I am afraid I was guilty of that myself before middle-aged mental spread eclipsed the epigrammatic expression of youthful cynicism; but if the whole is not funny, the latter part of the aphorism is at least true to-day.

Directoire dresses, the nature of the clinging, woven materials used both for day and evening clothes, all emphasize and reveal a woman's shape or lack of it, and it is many years since fashion has so persistently proclaimed the importance of the bust in the feminine compendium of charm and beauty.

A perfect figure is a wonderful but far from universal possession, and unhappily, even those originally blessed in this connection may find that a slim, youthful figure is apt to be transient unless intelligent care is expended on its preservation.

The ugly constricting corsetry of the past is quite out of keeping with the modern mode of life and ideal of beauty, but the newest girdles, belts, and brassières are delicious pieces of lingerie, designed to fascinate the most fastidious, and to preserve or create the perfect figure.

Kestos brassières are distinct from all others; mere wisps of silken lingerie, absolutely indiscernible under the thinnest frock or even a close-fitting jersey or swimming suit, they are cleverly contrived to be adjustable to every type of figure and to give exactly the correct support, moulding the figure to youthful lines and arresting any loss of contour which age or illness might bring about. Worn during physical exercises, they give complete freedom of movement while preventing any ill effects which might accrue from incorrect use of the pectoral muscles. Their subtle, cross-ways pull emphasizes the beauty of the feminine form and gives just the necessary support without any constriction.

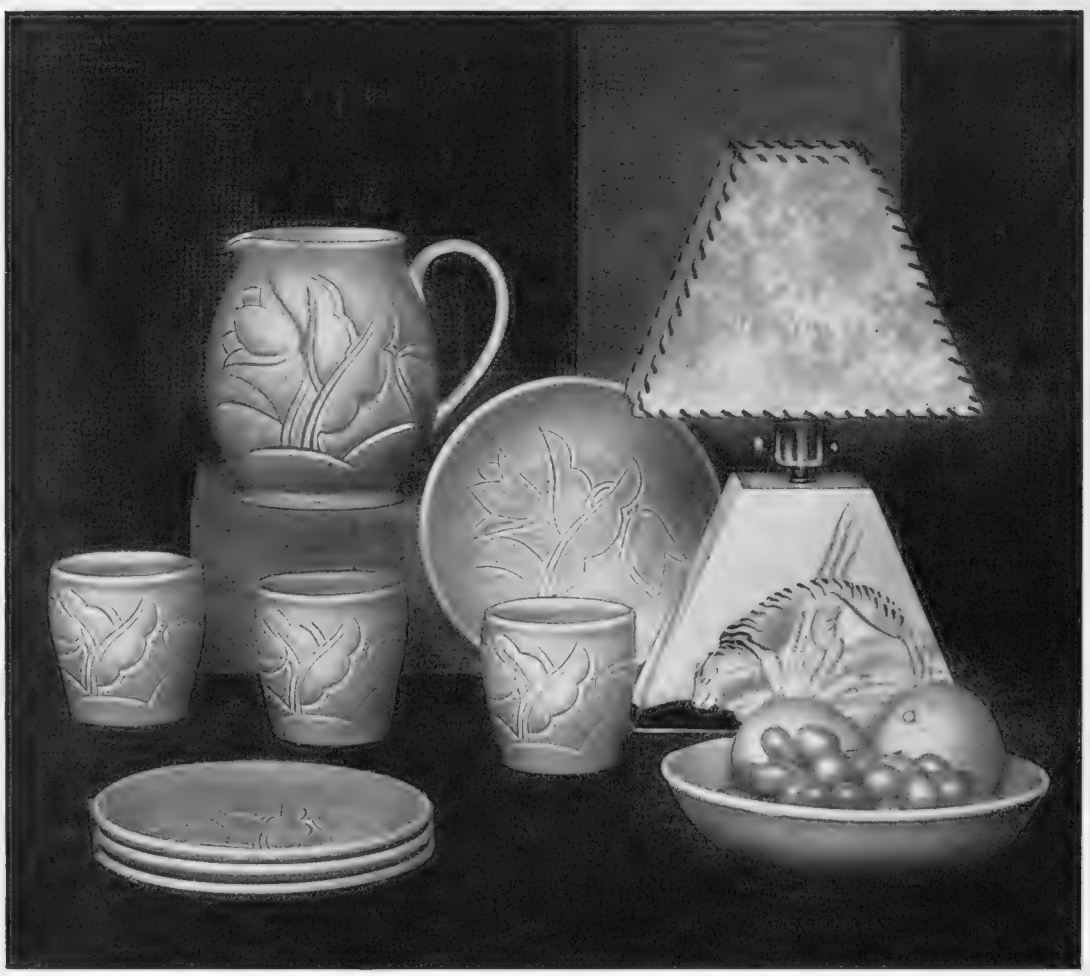
Kestos belts and girdles are equally scientific as well as practically and æsthetically satisfying; they give that intangible support and restraint which confer mental and physical comfort, maintain or confer lovely lines, and are made of the most charming silken materials and in colourings to match the brassières—pink, peach, hyacinth, apple, ivory, and black.

A Kestos brassière and belt, lovely in themselves, ensure the preservation of youthful beauty of form and suppleness. They are the perfect complement to the fashions of the moment; worn under sports clothes, afternoon or clinging evening gowns they imperceptibly and secretly operate to show woman at her best. Kestos may be said to insist on the first word, and to be voluntarily accorded the last word in any argument concerning the beauty of the twentieth-century woman.

When a woman is described as "divine" it probably means that she is very particularly feminine, for Olympus is a deserted village, and the goddesses have assumed human habitation and human form—perfect form, of course—which probably means that they have wisely availed themselves of Kestos co-operation.

GIFTS ·

SMARTNESS IS THE KEYNOTE OF ALL FESTIVITIES · BE THEY THE INTIMATE AFFAIRS OF A FAMILY OR THE MORE FORMAL OCCASIONS OF SOCIAL INTERCOURSE · · · RIVALRY IS AN INCENTIVE TO ENTERPRISE AND THE EXPRESSION OF INDIVIDUALITY CAN RARELY BE INDULGED EXCEPT THROUGH SELECTION · · ·



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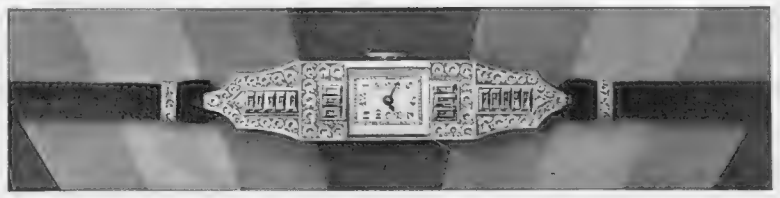

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BELOW STAIRS

(Continued from p. 297)

At Mrs. Hunt's they have a positive library of press cuttings dealing with legacies to servants which have increased in recent years to as many as 2,000, with an average total of £28,000 annually. The largest bequest was £300,000 left by an employer to his housekeeper.

On the walls of the entrance to Mrs. Hunt's are a number of names of servants who have received long service award of anything from 3 guineas upwards, according to the length of their service.

"Now that the Upper Thirty Thousand whom we serve are so severely taxed, with a consequent reaction on ourselves," said Mr. Seccombe, "we only give cheques to servants placed by us who have been in employment more than twenty-five years in one place. Even this involves a considerable annual disbursement. Butlers in particular have slumped badly since the August of last year. Butlers, according to our reckoning, cannot be styled as such unless they have at least one footman under them. Otherwise they are male indoor servants. You can call them 'single-handed butlers,' if you like, but that is a mere courtesy title.

While on the topic of butlers, I asked Mr. Seccombe to see how many butlers on his files were named Graves. There was only one, and he was on the black list. He was not a butler at all, but had forged references which were quickly found out. Well, well!

Probably I could not do better than to end on this note of references which keeps repeating itself in the review of domestic service. Mistresses have a habit of disagreeing quite extraordinarily about the same servant. One will say that the servant is almost too good to be true. Another cannot find anything bad enough to say about her. This is frequently oral, because householders are never quite sure of their ground. They are afraid of being sued for "libellous" statements, and do not realize just what they can do with safety. The answer is that although it is usually considered to be the moral duty of an employer to give a truthful character of a servant (whether favourable or unfavourable) to any person who thinks of employing that servant and asks for the information, yet the law does not give to the servant any means of compelling the employer to give a character, or any right of action for refusing to give it, unless there was a definite agreement between them that a character was to be given.

Seeing the importance to the public that characters should be readily given, the law holds such communications as privileged, and the person giving the character will not be liable for damages in an action of slander or libel at the suit of the servant for any injurious representation so made, unless the statements are both untrue and made from a malicious motive.

BOOKS

(Continued from p. 310)

necessarily declines." I reluctantly agree with him, but when I turn to the verse Mr. Bax presents with a final bow, my doubts are stirred. Our need for poetry may be dead, not necessarily our gift for it, and high events may make it articulate again as during the War. In Mr. Bax's own lovely words—

> Men may live myriads of days and yet of these
> Few, or but one, feed the immortal self,
> The rest being merely rind about the fruit.

In his book, *Pretty, Witty Nell* (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), Mr. Bax offers us prose instead of poetry. It is yet another study of the eternal prostitute, an account of Nell Gwynn and her environment. Mr. Bax covers well-trodden ground, producing an interesting parade of a licentious age. There is a new note in this study. He deals outspokenly with the penalties of a dissolute life as they were visited upon two of King Charles's victims; but fate is a tricky jade, and cares nothing for justice, for whereas one lady was stricken early as the result of her life, the other lived to a ripe old age, though visited by the same affliction.

One other poet is with us this week. Mr. Wilfrid Gibson has been cruising in the Baltic, and the fruit of those days is the slim volume called *Islands* (Macmillan. 5s.). I wish he could rid himself of the habit of writing interminably long sentences. Some of these verses run to twenty lines, and demand deep breathing to encompass them. His muse is as melancholy and rich as ever, and he constantly rewards the reader with memorable music:

> Time has dealt with us
> After its wont; and something we have lost
> Of the old resilience, under the long stress
> Of troubled years and numbing hammer-blows.

"TILL CURTAIN"

Under the above title Sir Henry Lytton writes an amusing and reminiscent foreword to the forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan Record of the 1932–3 Season. This wonderful collection of special pictures of the famous operas is now nearing completion, and within a few days should be in the hands of the public. All the operas are dealt with; the many newcomers to the cast make it an essential addition to the shelves of all Savoy opera enthusiasts. Beautifully printed in rotogravure, it will be published at 1s.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A party of young sailors being trained in the *Arethusa* figured in the Lord Mayor's Show. The Band played extremely well, and it was noticed how excellently the boys marched. This is doubtless due to the splendid training they receive. Along the whole of the route the boys were continually cheered by the spectators. This speaks well for the boys and their discipline. This great work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine is in urgent need of funds and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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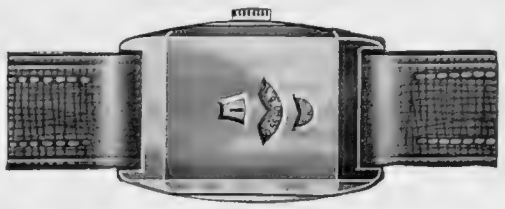

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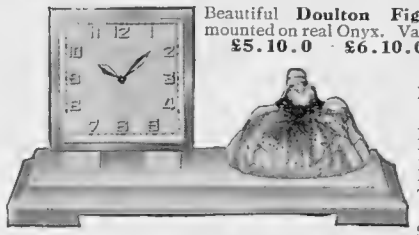

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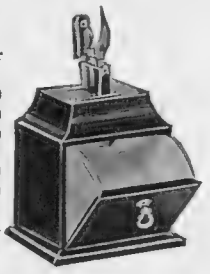

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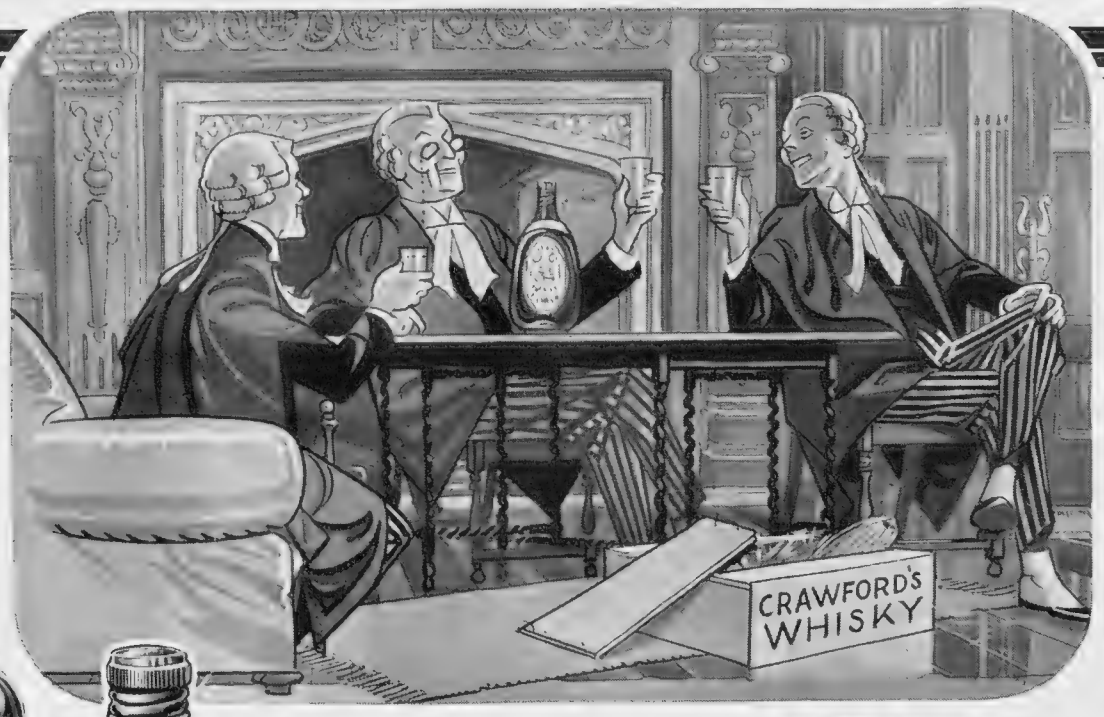

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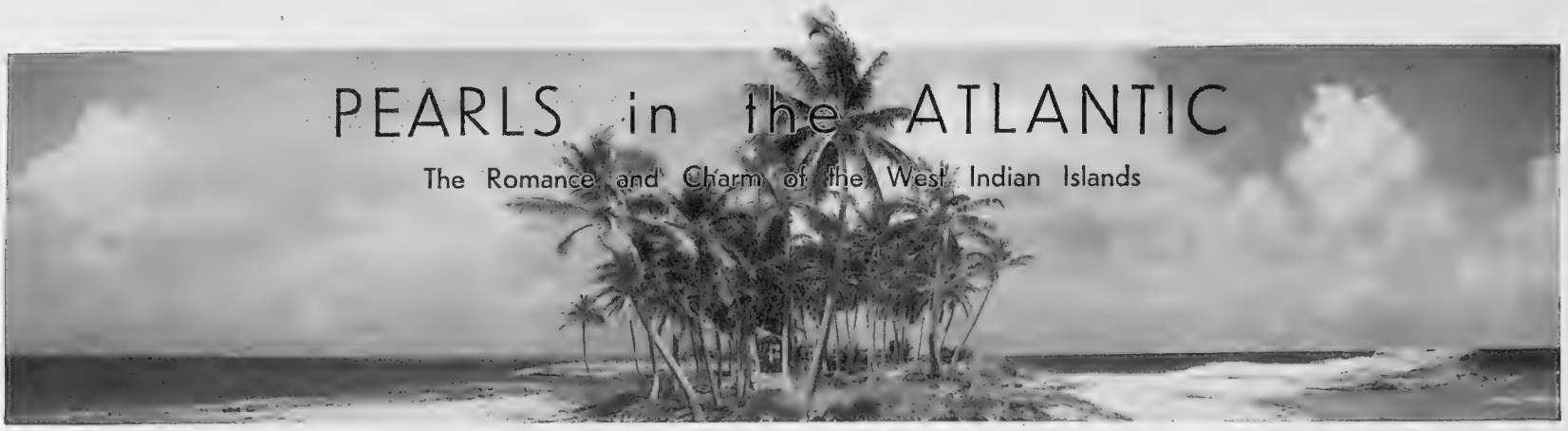
PEARLS in the ATLANTIC

The Romance and Charm of the West Indian Islands



THE CHARM OF THE COASTLINE OF THE BAHAMAS

A pleasant lifetime could be spent cruising the Islands of the West, resting here and there, each stopping place a new romance, each bay and inlet a new paradise.

In the streets of Hamilton people still drive behind high-stepping horses, nickel-plated harness glistening in the sun, a negro coachman sitting erect on a high box seat holding his reins well in hand.

It is all so different from the hurly-burly of the modern machine world that it seems as a land enchanted: no trains to catch, and rarely an automobile to dodge. Transportation is entirely by carriage or bicycle, although for that matter a person on foot might traverse Bermuda from end to end in a day.

The island looks as if it had been carefully swept every morning by some Gargantuan housemaid. Houses and other buildings are made from the coral stone, of which the island is composed, and rest with their white-topped roofs amidst the green cedars which abound throughout.

And then on all sides is the sea, a sea of all colours, and so clear is the water that the wonderful marine vegetation may be seen plainly at a depth of 30 ft., and one of the things everyone should do in Bermuda is view the gardens in the depths of the ocean through one of the glass-bottomed boats provided for the purpose.

Steamers dock alongside the main street in Hamilton, which is the principal town and centre of the various activities of the islands. The next town of importance is St. George's, founded in 1612. It is situated on St. George's Island, which is connected with Hamilton Island by a stone causeway, and is about twelve miles from Hamilton. Its age and the relics and remains of olden days make it one of the most interesting places in the Western hemisphere.

St. Kitts–Nevis, twin islands, are the first of the Leeward Islands visited *en route* south, which group is so-called from the track taken to the Spanish Main in old sailing ship days. They form the most northerly of the Lesser Antilles. Nevis is separated from St. Kitts by a strait, and long ago it was the most fashionable resort in the West Indies, where belles and beaux, dashing naval and military men, wealthy planters and their families used to forgather to "take the waters" and make merry. A spa was established here following the development of the hot springs, to which had come Captain John Smith and been benefited. The baths which are available are highly radio-active, while the Bath Hotel, an interesting stone structure built about 1790, is still open to guests.

Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, and St. Lucia, set in the Western Atlantic, lie along the sea route to the Barbados, the land of abiding sunshine. It is the most easterly of all the West Indies and enjoys the full benefit of the north-east trade winds, resulting in a climate of marked salubrity where the temperature seldom exceeds eighty degrees and at night sometimes falls as low as sixty-three.

St. Vincent is one of the loveliest though one of the least known of the islands. It vies with Grenada, Dominica, and St. Lucia for the palm of beauty, and in recent years it has prospered with cotton and arrow-root growing.

But in travelling through the West Indies or in reading descriptions of the country by enthusiastic writers who have visited it, one is apt to conclude that as many islands vie with one another for the crown of beauty as did Grecian cities for the honour of being the birthplace of Homer.

Trinidad, despite its industry, is called the Riviera of the Caribbean. Port-of-Spain, the "Queen City of the Antilles," is entered through one of Nature's great gateways, actually between mountain peaks that, rising from the ocean, form the entrance to the tranquil waters of the Gulf of Paria.

Next to Jamaica, Trinidad is the largest and richest of the British West Indies. Trinidad, however, is both geographically and biologically a part of the South American continent, lying only seven miles from the nearest point of Venezuela, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Paria. When one drives through this island it seems as though Nature has spread herself for a tremendous carnival, with her captivating beauty set in garlands of entwining glory, for there is no plant or tree on this island that has not a flower at some time of the year.

The chief island of the West Indies is left until the last. Jamaica is a grand finale to the successive scenes of the cruise. One of the Greater Antilles, with a population approaching a million, it is like the main star of a great constellation. Its broken coastline rises out of the blue Caribbean Sea to a high plateau dominated by the Blue Mountain Peak of 7,388 ft. This inland plateau is covered with luxuriant pimento groves, forests of ebony, mahogany, and other fine trees, with a great wealth of flowering shrubs. One must tour the island to enjoy it; there are places of great delight to visit, not only virgin forests, but desirable botanical gardens and cultivated lands, with wondrous views from the higher elevations. Amongst its numerous rivers coming down from the plateau, there are few which are at all navigable, so that there is little opportunity for trips by water inland, but the hilly country is ideal for walks, and good roads make motoring a joy. There are few wild animals, and the crocodiles which may be hunted in certain parts are not aggressive; the dangerous snakes of other parts of America do not exist here.

The skylines of the Blue Mountains and the Port Royal Mountains have magnetic attractions. Everybody climbs up to them, not once, but frequently, if only to experience the astonishing changes of life and scenes on every side of the upward winding roads. The ascent from the coast is comparatively gentle, and at every turn there are fresh pictures of gorgeous flowering trees and plants, amidst which startling humming birds and brilliant butterflies sport dashingly in the sun. Nature has been very lavish here with colour, not forgetting the tall tree-fern as a graceful touch of relief. Higher up the scenery changes again, becoming grand and bold with bright cascades. It is as if the hills would lord it over the fragile beauty spread out below.

Not the least attractive feature of Jamaica is the division of the island into counties with stolid British names such as Surrey, Cornwall, and Middlesex, so contrary to the vivacious natives in their motley costumes. Mineral springs, an almost perfect climate permitting every kind of sport, make for a winter resort of especial value to the jaded.

It is simple here for the short-stay tourist to divide his days up into a series of pleasant tours. The many things of interest lie in a small compass. Places one will go to, for example, are the famous Botanical Gardens, twenty miles from Kingston, and over the range into the valley of the Wag Water River, or to Hardwar Gap, from where a magnificent view is obtained of Kingston and wide stretches of the island and coast. Spanish Town is reached through miles of banana plantations, and in the old capital are memorials of the earliest days of the West Indies. The very agreeable climate of the island contributes to the pleasure of the trips out from the capital by road or boat, and the beautiful and picturesque scenery wherever one goes is redolent of the days when Britain and Spaniard fought in these far waters for supremacy in the Western world.

There is no more fascinating place on earth where to while away time interestingly and peacefully than amongst these sun-blessed islands, with coral shores and palm-fringed beaches, from whence come spice-scented breezes calling up memories of the romantic story of the Spanish Main, of intrepid navigator pioneers, conquistadores, buccaneers and filibusters, and the privateers and sea-rovers who laid the foundations of Britain's Empire.

Rodeur

Ewing Galloway

THE PUBLIC MARKET in Port Antonio, Jamaica. The bread stall shows a variety of loaves of unusual shape. *On left* is the Myrtle Bank Hotel, one of the smart caravanserais of the island. *On right* is a famous Jamaican beauty spot locally known as "The Blue Hole"

THE MID-OCEAN HOTEL AND GOLF COURSE is one of Bermuda's high-lights. Each hole on the links is a model of a famous one on one of the courses of Great Britain

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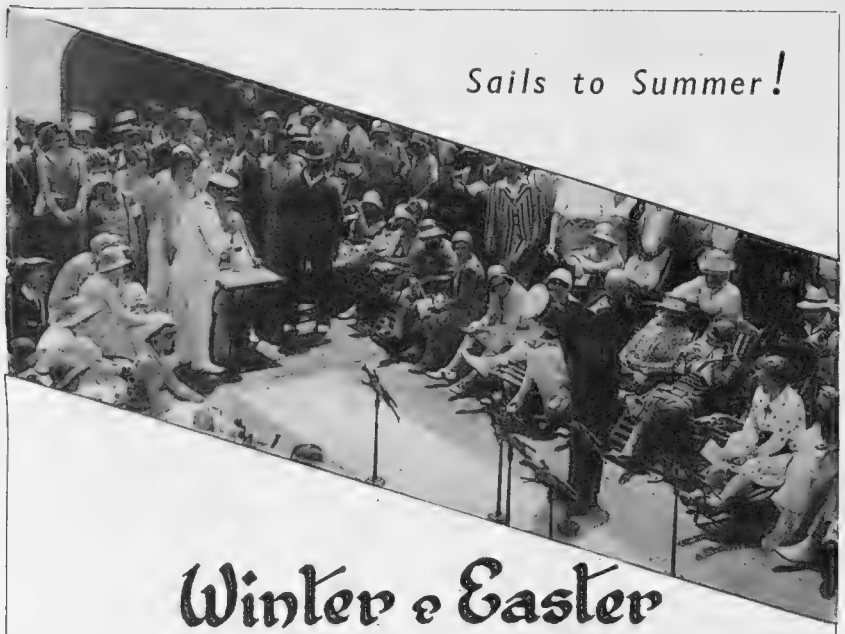

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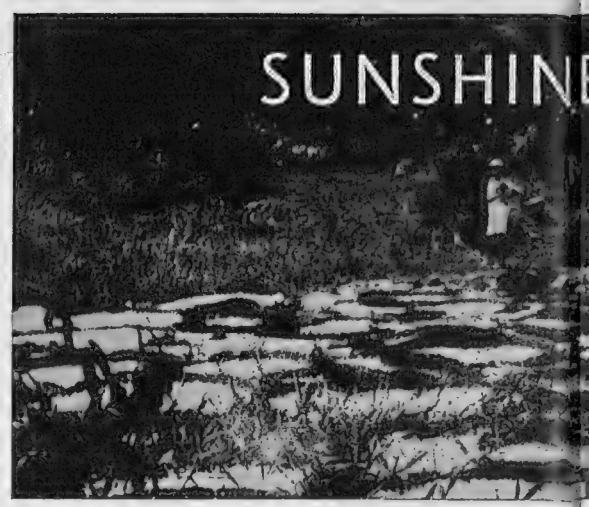


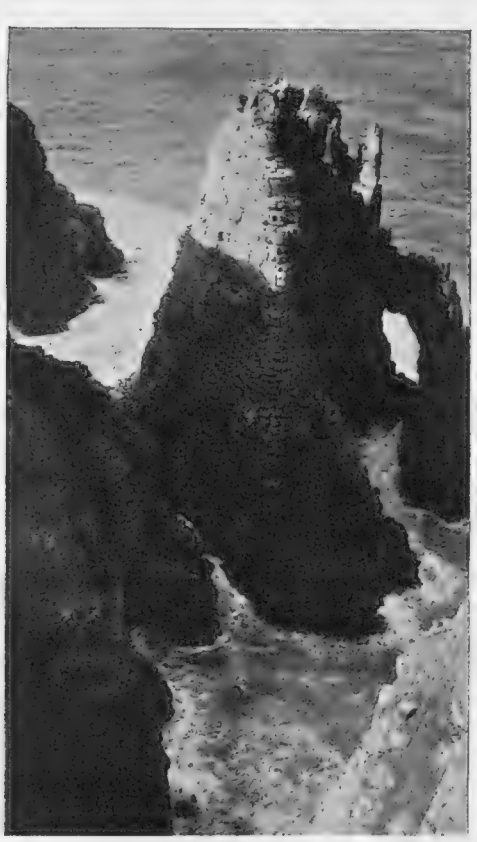
CRUISES ALL OVE

By CLIVE

CUNARD: P. and O.: BLUE STAR.—The Winter holiday came into fashion a few years ago, and the habit and need have persisted. British enterprise, in the shape of the great shipping companies, has again risen to the occasion, and never before has there been so great and varied a choice of cruises, which enable people to find warmth and sunshine during the rigours of our usual winter climate.

To cross the sunlit seas to the West Indies is a very favourite holiday with many people who can afford from three to five weeks for the voyage there and back. What a delightful experience it is, too! The bright life aboard these cruising steamers, gay and full of all kinds of sports and amusements, matches the blue of the sea and sky, and the sunshine. And then one morning there creeps up out of the sea slowly into view one of these fortunate isles, green as an emerald, its heights perhaps cloud-capped, and with, as the liner draws into the land, waving palms and other semi-tropical and luxuriant foliage, and a wealth of gay-coloured flowers to welcome one.

BOOTH.—The popularity of the West Indies, with their romantic associations, as a holiday ground in Winter and Spring, is well known, and yearly more and more tourists visit them. But there are many people, doubtless, who welcome a cruise of a more unique and adventurous nature for their winter holiday, and what more intriguing than a voyage 1,000 miles up the mighty Amazon into the heart of the Brazilian forests, after a journey of some 5,000 miles across the summer-like seas, touching at Oporto, Lisbon, and Madeira with its charm and lovely scenery? What a strange, exotic city is Pará and the city of Manáos, situated in the heart of illimitable forests, whence one can make excursions into the jungle, and along waterways where floats the gigantic Victoria Regia lily whose leaves are large enough to support the weight of a full-grown man.



CASTLE ROCK, off the African coast, is here seen from the adjoining cliff 500 ft. above the sea. Its form is astonishingly—but accidentally—mediæval

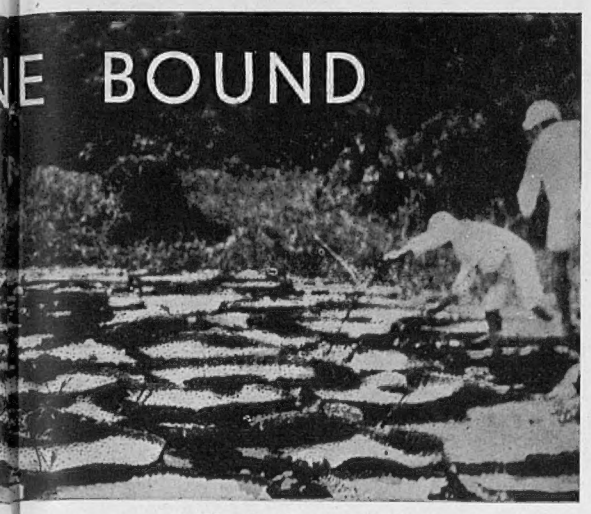
PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION.—For those with even more time at their disposal there is the truly alluring cruise round South America. A voyage of over 20,000 miles, lasting ten weeks and taking one to some of the most fascinating places and most intriguing ports of call. One touches many countries and enjoys a kaleidoscopic change of scene, sees strange peoples, and has vistas of their lives unfolded before one, as may be gathered from the itinerary which includes France, Spain, the Canaries, Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine, Falkland Islands, Chile, Robinson Crusoe's Island, Peru, Panama, Jamaica, Cuba, and the historic Azores redolent with their memories of famous sea fights. On such a voyage one can see a great part of the Western world in comfort, nay luxury, learn much, and gain the health and strength of which many go in search.

LOS TOROS: The Bull R Panama C

CUNARD.—Another of the longer cruises is that which will occupy six months and take the voyager more than 42,000 miles by the well-known cruising liner *Carinthia*. It is one of the "Round the World" cruises which are so popular with people of means and leisure. Nowadays,

A RUINED GLORY OF THE INDIAN in Ceylon, now shattered by C fi

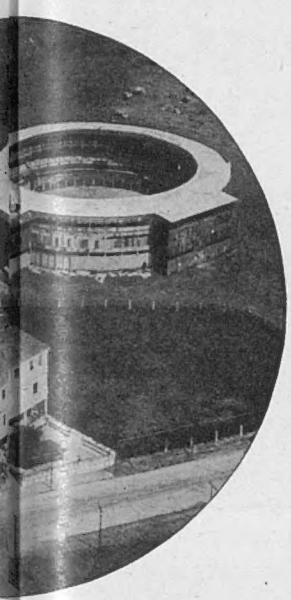
E BOUND



LILIES THAT SUPPORT A MAN ON THEIR PETALS: Victoria Regia in Amazonia

ER THE WORLD

HOLLAND

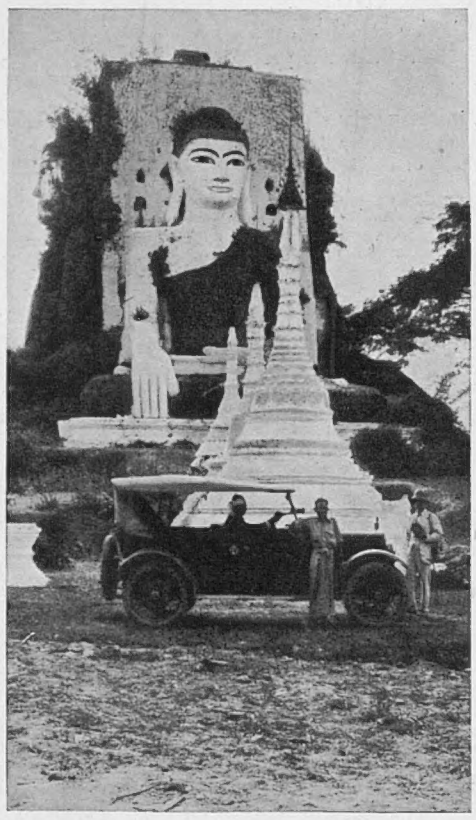


ll Ring and the Hotel Bella Vista, a City

too, the cost of such a cruise has been reduced so that it is brought within the means of far more people than formerly. The cruise, which is known as "The Southern Hemisphere Cruise," leaves at the end of December and returns early in June next year. It starts from New York, but English passengers are taken there by one of the regular steamers of the line, or can join the cruise at Jamaica. Among the places to be visited are Panama, Los Angeles, Honolulu, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Dutch East Indies, Ceylon, South Africa, Uruguay, and Rio de Janeiro. The same line also has delightful cruises to the West Indies, Madeira, and North Africa, combined, and to the Mediterranean, Egypt, and the North African ports.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.—Another fascinating world cruise is that leaving Southampton, November 23, and Monaco on December 16 by the *Empress of Britain*. The itinerary is a wonderful one, covering twenty-one weeks, with a route of nearly 36,000 miles. The vessel itself, a giant liner of 63,000 tons, is the last word in luxury, and is truly a floating hotel. In connection with this cruise, the shore excursions are exceptionally well arranged. This same company has also cruises to the West Indies at the end of January, and to the Mediterranean in February, March, and April, the latter offering opportunities of visiting the Atlantic Isles and North African coast.

BIBBY.—There are other forms of cruising, however, by the vessels of well-known companies, which run regular services to near and distant parts of the world, and arrangements that have been made permit one to plan a tour for oneself, breaking the journey at will and then going farther on by a subsequent boat, or of returning by the next or some other convenient boat. By this means one can see even more of the various countries themselves than on one of the regular cruises, when time in port is often very limited. By such a plan as we have in mind one can, for example, visit Egypt and the Sudan, enjoying a wealth of winter sunshine, Ceylon,



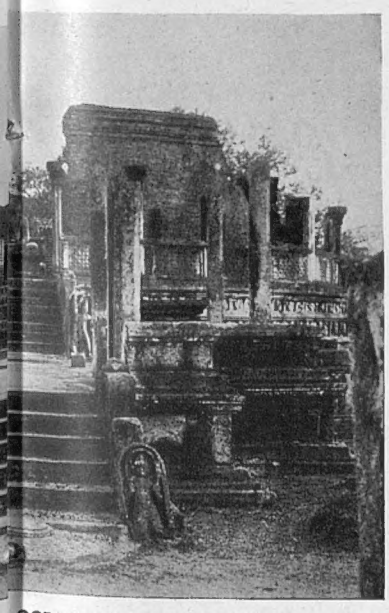
THE KYAIKPIM PAGODA OF PEGU, Burma. There are four of these gigantic Buddhas, one on each wall. They are 90 ft. high

Burma, and the Straits Settlements with their many interesting sights and novel experiences. There is also the pleasant combining of a short sea voyage out to Marseilles by the same company, with the spending of a week or two on the Riviera.

FYFFE.—Another well-known line offering similar attractions serves the chief West Indian islands, including Jamaica, Bermuda, and Trinidad, and also takes one to Panama, Guatemala, Venezuela, Honduras, and Costa Rica. The "round voyage," as it is called, is a most interesting one, and on it the tourist sees countries of Central America little known to the usual cruising holiday-maker.

P. & O.—The West Indies are also served by other lines, and one of these starts a special cruise of thirty-eight days on December 21, allowing Christmas Day to be spent amid the sunshine of the Azores. The same line, of course, offers the advantages of planning one's own tours to Ceylon and India. Those who

(Continued on p. 328)



OCEAN PEARL: The circular temple time, called the Wata-Dage

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SUNSHINE BOUND

(Continued from p. 327)

have not visited the first-named delectable island can have little idea of its beautiful climate and fine scenery. The wonderful interest of an Indian tour is causing more and more people to make one.

UNION CASTLE. — South Africa forms one of the most powerful magnets nowadays for those in search of warmth and sunshine coupled with magnificent bathing and, if time allows, facilities for sport of all kinds. There are splendid regular services to the Cape by the unrivalled mail steamers, and special cruises and tours on land have been arranged to meet the ever-growing popularity of South Africa and the Cape as winter resorts.

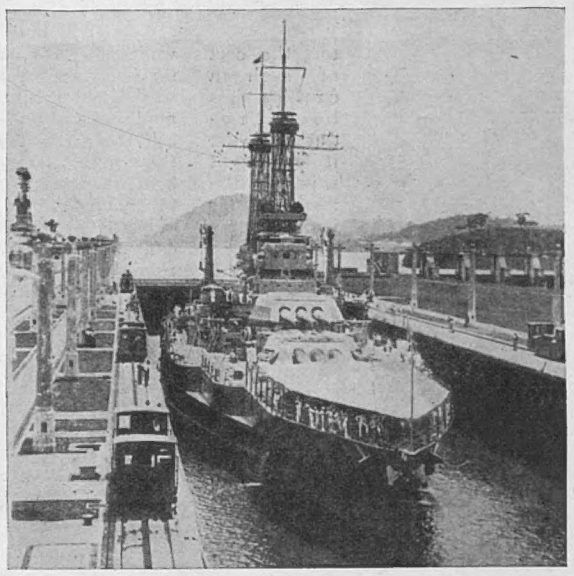
ROYAL MAIL.—Then there is a wonderfully attractive cruise starting early in February, lasting just over two months, round Africa, calling at Villefranche for the Riviera, Port Said, Suez (now Port Tewfik), Aden, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Durban, Cape Town, historic St. Helena, Sierra Leone, and Las Palmas. The same company offers also facilities by its regular services for visiting South America, and two special cruises leaving on February 17 and March 11 are to be made by the great motor liner *Alcantara* to the Atlantic Islands, West Africa, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Malta, Tripoli, Naples, and the North African ports.

ORIENT.—The South of France has always had a lure for winter holiday-makers. Nowadays the long railway journey, and changes from train to boat and boat to train again, can be avoided by taking a steamer to Toulon, and thus getting a pleasant sea voyage as well as a holiday in sunshine at the end of it. The same line takes one to Australia and issues very attractive "round voyage" tickets. And also to the Mediterranean, Southern Spain, and North Africa.

ITALIAN.—One of the most attractive of the several "Round the World" cruises is to start early in January. It is by "the world's largest motor liner," the *Augustus*. The cruise is to last 129 days, and no fewer than seventy shore excursions have been arranged. There are to be thirty-four ports of call, and ninety-nine places will be visited. The itinerary is one that ensures a maximum of sunshine, and a more remarkable "see the world from a deck chair" tour has yet to be planned.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD HONOURED IN THE OLD: The statue of Columbus in the Paseo del Colon, Barcelona

RIVIERA MAGNIFICENCE: The Palais de la Mediterranée at Nice, whither many shore excursions run from Mediterranean cruises



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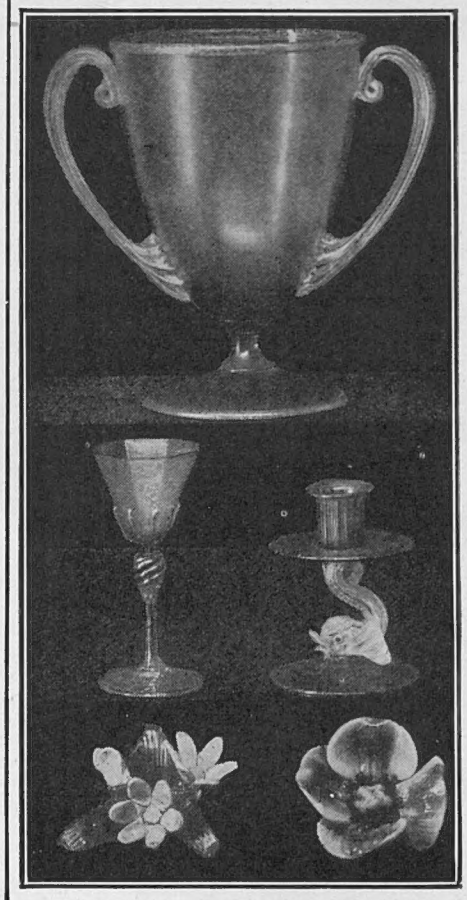

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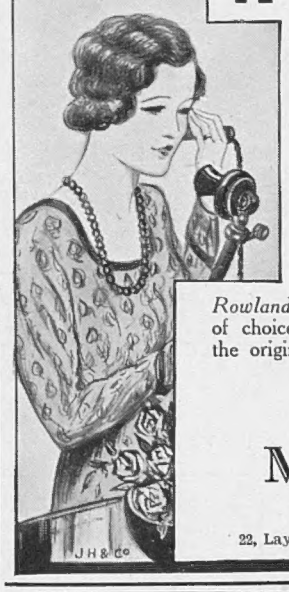

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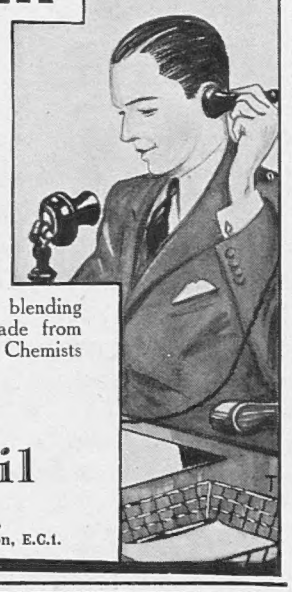

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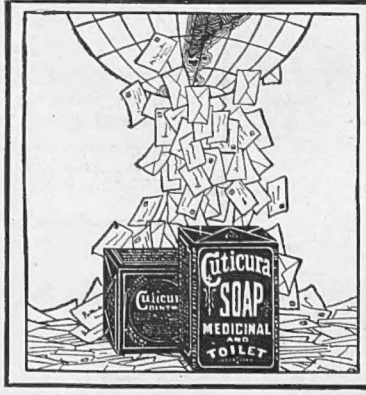

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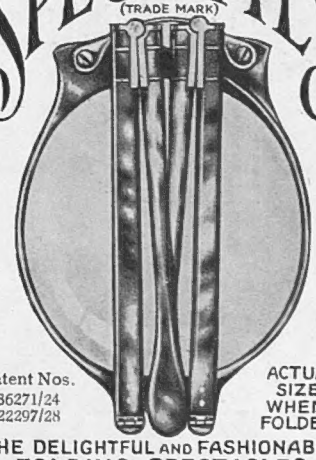

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THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHEWS THAT WHEN FOLDED IN THEIR CASE SPECLETTES TAKE UP NO MORE ROOM THAN A SMALL WATCH.

WHEN OPEN ARE FULL SIZED SPECTACLES.

THEODORE HAMBLIN LIMITED.
DISPENSING OPTICIANS.
15, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W. 1.
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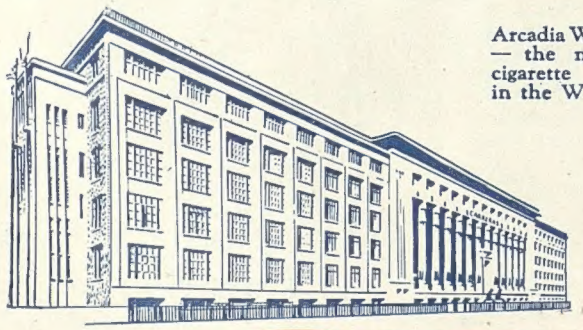
Wherever an Englishman travels, whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A"

"UPWARDS of Sixty Craven "A" a day for over five years without feeling any ill-effect or sign of a sore throat": That is a recent testimony from a smoker who travels the year round. His experience is an evidence of the pure, smooth, non-irritating character of CRAVEN "A"—made specially to prevent sore throats.

In Arcadia Works the making and conditioning of fine Cigarettes has become an Art developed from a formula of Idealism. Airy, spacious surroundings: scrupulous cleanliness; happy, healthy workpeople—3,500 of them—and a sincere striving to do the daily job as well as each is able. Something of all this is embodied in every CRAVEN "A" made, explaining their constant goodness.

CRAVEN "A" NEVER VARY: always the best goes into them . . . And when they reach the "just right" condition *all* their goodness is imprisoned by the "TRU-VAC" hermetically-sealed round Tins or the moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapped packets. So that wherever you buy and whatever type of packing you prefer, you will find Factory Freshness safely held within—and Dampness, Dryness and Staleness effectively KEPT-OUT.



Arcadia Works, London — the most hygienic cigarette Manufactory in the World.

Twenty..1/- *Fifty..2/6*

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There are also Craven Plain Cigarettes:

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CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

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